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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 137.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 18, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Bassano*

A BRILLIANT FEMININE MOTORIST

Miss Victoria Godwin is well known as one of the most brilliant of lady motor drivers, and in addition to her skill at the wheel, possesses the advantage of a thorough knowledge of automobile technique, having studied in the workshop for two years. Miss Godwin drove a 40 h.-p. Ariel in the Competition at Fernhurst on July 14

No. 137.—Vol. XI

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

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Venus 1906. And Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

Handy Illustrated Pocket Classics.—"Tennyson's Poetical Works." "A Tale of Two Cities." "Wuthering Heights." "Charles O'Malley." (Collins: 1*s.* and 2*s.* net. each per Vol.)

"Connemara and the Neighbouring Spots of Beauty and Interest." By J. Harris Stone. (Health Resort Publishing Co.: 15*s.* net.)

"British Flowering Plants." By W. F. Kirby. (Appleton: 5*s.* net.)

"Motoritis." Illustrated by Chas. Crombie. (Simpkin, Marshall: 5*s.*)

"The American Blue Book, 1906." By G. C. Bancroft and and B. Bancroft. (The American Bureau: 5*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Phœbe of the White Farm." By May Crommelin. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Heart of Helen." By L. T. Meade. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Coniston." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"'Twixt Earth and Stars." By M. Radclyffe Hall. (Bumpus.)

"The Eternal Triangle." By Jane Tobitt. (Appleton: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"A King and a Few Dukes." By R. W. Chambers. (Greening: 6*d.*)

"The Financier." By J. B. Harris-Burland. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"That Ambitious She." By Lucie Simpson. (Greening: 6*s.*)

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
July 18, 1906

Only three able-bodied men answered to their names at the Poplar Workhouse on Thursday. They were all old Rugbeians, and the others were at Lord's. This is our penultimate joke about Poplar. Only seven more days! The plates will be melted down immediately after printing off.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw did not, after all, as had been expected, participate in the recent balloon race, it being feared that the brilliance of his epigrams might ignite the gas.

* * *

The Channel Swim Season is now commencing. Our old friends—Holbein, Mew, and Burgess—are at Dover prepared to try, try again. But the first contestant will be a newcomer, Mr. J. Wolffe. *Absit omen* is our prayer. We have heard the cry "Wolf" far too often in connection with attempts to lower Captain Webb's record.

* * *

"Many novels," begins the publisher's advertisement of Mr. Winston Churchill's new book, "Coniston," "are not worth reading." Amazing statements like this may attract a certain class of reader, but I cannot but think that the more thoughtful among the public could be influenced by less sensational methods.

* * *

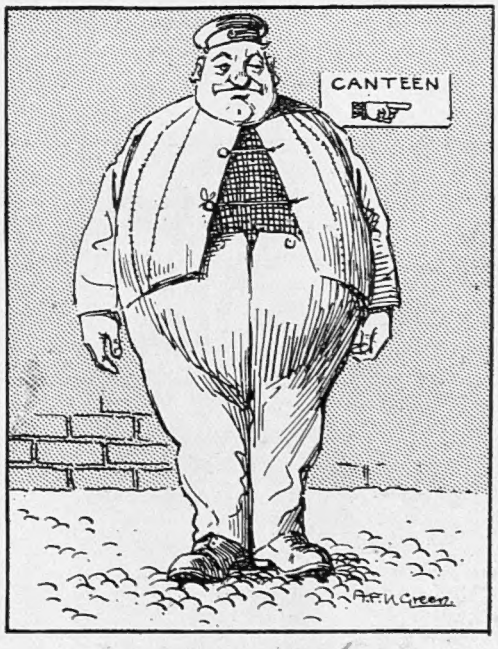
Lord Roberts wants conscription, but, precedent notwithstanding, there is no truth in the rumour that the War Office is re-engaging discarded Field-Marshals at an enhanced salary.

* * *

A sportsman returning from the Newmarket races was considerably surprised to find that his front door had two key-holes. With that extraordinary intuition which never deserts a plunger, he drew an evening paper from his pocket and determined to put the whole of his mortgaged estates on the "Overnight Double."

* * *

Murder appears to be quite a popular pastime in the summer. In the autumn amateur theatricals will begin again.



Army Reduction: A case for cutting down

"Undoubtedly, there are many items in our military forces a reduction in the size of which would not be accompanied by loss of efficiency."—DAILY PAPER

We are informed that a recently launched periodical is selling like hot cakes. We do not know anyone who buys either.

* * *

The news that £3,000 were lost over the Blue Book on the Traffic Commission has come as an eye-opener to the London County Council, and steps are being taken at Spring Gardens for the immediate issue of Blue Books on the Thames Steamers, the Electric Power Scheme, the new Palace, the Tramways, and several other little enterprises in which the Council is interested.

* * *

An American Judge has aimed a severe blow at one of the most venerable forms of humour in the world. Refusing to allow a step-mother to take custody of two of her husband's children by his divorced first wife, he remarked that a "step-mother was no joke." The *dictum* has caused a panic among U.S. humorists.

* * *

From the *Daily Mail*:—

After an absence of fourteen years, Surrey, through the instrumentality of Lord Dalmeny, commenced a three-days' match against a "Scottish" Eleven at Grange Ground, Edinburgh, yesterday.

We hadn't noticed that the Surrey Eleven had been absent so long.

* * *

A patient about to undergo an operation at Barts' recently, refused chloroform. He said he would grin and bear it. Two medical students asked him to bear it, but implored him not to grin.

* * *

We learn, from an advertisement in last Sunday's *Referee*, that Chingford is now "within three minutes of London." We are glad to hear that ballooning is being put to practical use, even for them, at last. Or is it merely the Vanguard again?

* * *

We are sorry to read that the suffragettes "will not be dumb at the Cockermouth Election." But, perhaps the spectacle of a few silent women would have been carrying sensationalism too far.

Heard at Hurlingham

(The Débutante at the Inter-Regimental Cup Final)

Well, Ian, I am glad you brought us. I have always been interested in polo since my cousin couldn't get his colonel to recommend him for the West African Frontier Force on the ground that he was too good a player to be spared. Dear old Dickie! Somebody's wife decided to run away with her husband instead of philandering with Dickie, and the poor boy got a grudge against civilisation. He was a good player, they tell me. His eyesight was so good that he always met the ball, much to the disgust of the old boys. Yes, he was killed at Spion Kop. He got two contradictory sets of orders —so he sat tight till they shot him.

I love the Eleventh's jerseys, but I'll shout for the Twentieth's, because that's my age. I should give all the ponies a dose of eucalyptus before they started, if I had my way. I hate to hear them snorting and sneezing. Do you think they understand when a goal is scored? I'm sure the umpire's piebald does. He tosses his head as much as to say, "If I'd been there, I'd have sat on the ball." O—oh! How funny! Did you see? He drove the ball right on to a lady's leg. And the poor dear can't even rub it. I think I should have done so, and risked the consequences. It's better to be unavoidably improper than necessarily black and blue. Do you know her? She's the wife of that man who wrote "Hungry Hope," the Diary of a Plain Widow. Forty-something, she must be. Don't look at her feet! M'yes, I suppose they are nice. When you get to that age you make the most of them if they're small.

Oh, dear, they've drawn level again. Ian, I do believe you're backing the others behind my back. You and I never agree. Yes, you say you love me, but I'm only fond of myself in some frocks, and when you are particularly affectionate, I'm usually in a poor fit. You proposed to me at Newmarket when I was almost hysterical over the cut of my skirt. Yes, it fitted, but it didn't hang. To-day you're obstinate, and I feel as if for once I might agree with you—about myself, at any rate. Oh, what a shame! There's a poor boy down, and the pony kicked him. Poor darling! Why don't you get thrown and kicked, Ian? I could be quite emotional over you then. You never test my nerves a little bit. Of course, I don't want you to advertise, but if you could do something rakish without organising it, I might be electrified into accepting you.

There goes the bell! Five-all! They'll go on playing, won't they? What a splendid pace! I should like to dance a two-step with that pony. I bet he could steer you all right. Oh, if only a girl could play. I shouldn't like to fall off and get dirty, though. And we'd absolutely have to ride with a man's saddle. I suppose it would want a lot of getting accustomed to.

Now they're going hammer and tongs. Oh, I wouldn't miss this for a mile of new petticoats. Why do they screech instead of cheering? Do you see how the bay is shouldering off the chestnut? It reminds me of Mrs. Tooteath elbowing a path through a crush for her daughters. She's not unlike a polo pony — in the face. But ladies' moustaches are almost the fashion this year, aren't they? Look, look! Oh, what a lovely scramble! Bang! It's a goal. We've won.

B. M. H.

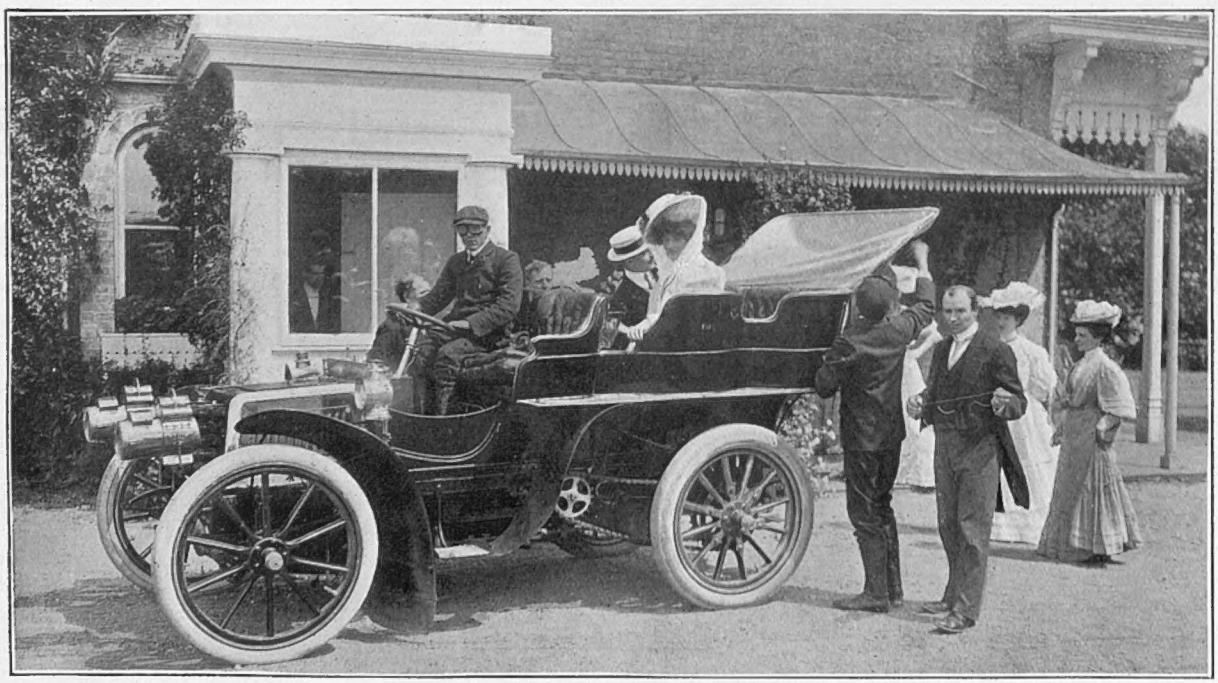


Photo *Russell, Southsea*

The end of a romance

The departure by motor-car, after their wedding, of Lady Mary Griffin (*née* Sackville), daughter of the Dowager Countess De La Warr, and Mr. J. Maclean Griffin. Lady Mary met her husband in Hobart, Tasmania, where he was A.D.C. to her brother-in-law, Sir Gerard Strickland. Obstacles were placed in the way of the match, which, however, were triumphantly overcome, and the couple were wedded at Exbury, Hampshire, last week

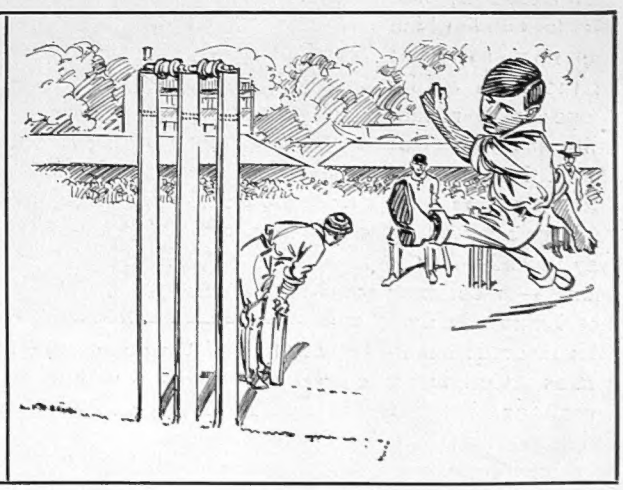
The Topictator

J'y Suis—J'y Reste
Mr. Justice Grantham will not resign

The Simple Life
(According to the Chairman of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the consumption of wine at dinner has greatly decreased of late)
"Wine list? No, thanks—two stone ginger beers"

Jce—Et Praeterea Nihil
(At any rate in Birmingham on July 7)

"A Little British Army, etc."
HALDANE, R.A. (or rather R.B.): "There—now I call that a very neat job"



All Stumps and Bowler
Or how it appeared to the batsmen on Fielder's day

ROUND THE TOWN

The Last Weeks of the Season

The season shows signs of flagging. Many people have already left England for their cures, and the last Court on Friday constituted also the last of the few functions at which Her Majesty the Queen has been present this year. The Eclipse Stakes at Sandown on Friday, and Goodwood in the final week of the month, are the last events before the rush to Cowes, and the moors, and the Baths; and with these restful joys within measurable distance, people have been going in hot and strong for the dances and weddings and concerts, of which there have been, on an average, about three a day during the past week or two. Three big weddings were those of the Hon. Eyre Massey and Miss Alice Allhusen, Lord George Seymour and Miss Norah Skipwith, and Mr. Coulson Fellowes and Miss Dorothy Jefferson. One of the nicest dances of the week was, as usual, at the Hyde Park Hotel, given by Lady Mary Holt, and two others, which proved the superiority of hotel dances as compared with private house dances, were those of Lady Barrymore and Mrs. Mackey at the New Ritz.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The King and Queen arrive at the New High-Level Bridge

The first of the Royal functions was the opening of the splendid bridge over the Tyne, which was afterwards crossed by the Royal train on its way to Alnwick

* * *

"Ideas" in Practice

The need for "ideas," of which Mr. Haldane spoke so eloquently early this Session, and the fruits of which are now to hand in the form of his proposals to reduce still further our poor little Army, and make what remains of it go a very long way indeed—for the money—is certainly not lacking in non-Ministerial politicians. Certainly a brighter lot of agitators than those who are at present amusing the public on behalf of the Unemployed, Woman's Suffrage, the poor Zulu, and the "other Fellah" in Egypt, have not come our way for years. The seizure of large tracts of land at Manchester, Plaistow, and other places, could not be beaten as a means to attract the B. P.; while as for the Suffragettes, really they are magnificent. It almost makes one's brain reel to think of the number of devices *they* have patented in the process of making themselves nuisances. If, however, as Sunday's riot at Manchester proved, the B.P. have caught the spirit of the thing, and are inclined to have a few "ideas" of their own, the agitators must not be peevish. It takes two to make an agitation, the *pro* and the *con*, and the former cannot expect to have matters *all* their own way.

* * *

The Alleged Ballooning Craze

Aeronauts are, as a class, a humorous set of men, and I can just imagine the twinkles that must be constantly darting to their merry eyes over the paragraphing of ballooning as the latest social craze. Of course, in a way, the fact that so many well-known men and women have tried it during the last week or so—among the former, for instance, "G. B. S." and Viscount Royston, and among the latter the charming and popular Princess di Teano (of whom a portrait appears on p. 115)—does, in a way, suggest that Society, wearied of the motor and its attendant excitement, is on the *qui vive* for a new sensation. It is also the fact that a good many enthusiastic aeronauts, such as Mr. Frank Hedges Butler and Mr. Leslie Bucknall have taken up balloons (or rather been taken up by them) because they have found motoring insufficiently exciting. But, all that admitted, the idea that Society goes cloudwards as a species of "cure," or because there is any special new thrill to be experienced in a cruise through the air, is a little too ridiculous, as it is the least thrilling

Photo] **Unveiling the Queen Victoria Statue** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The Royal visit North, which resulted in the knighthood of the Lord Mayor, was a great popular success, and their Majesties seemed delighted with their hearty reception, the King being more smiling and affable than ever

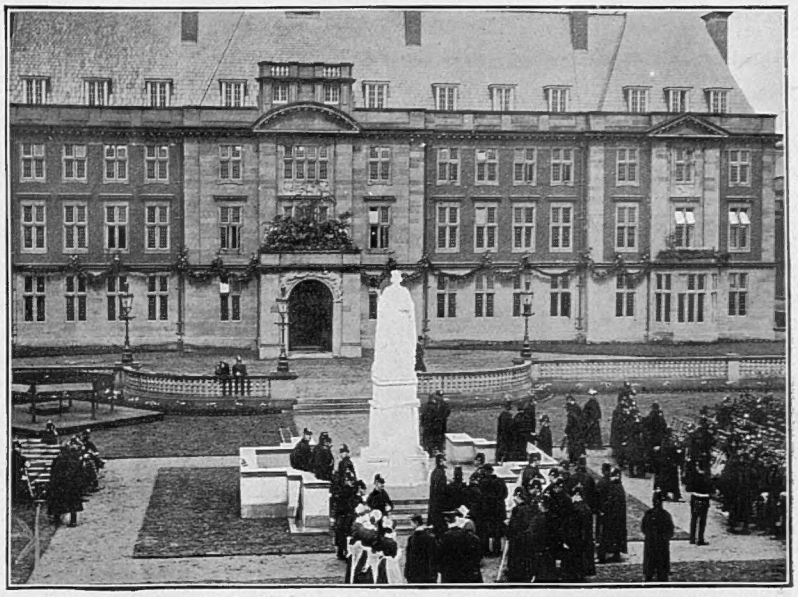
The Royal Visit to Tyneside

THE visit of the King and Queen to Tyneside, and his conferment of honours on the Lord Mayor, is, perhaps, of rather more interest than the usual Royal visit to a provincial town. Newcastle-on-Tyne has a somewhat pronounced individuality of its own, which rather redeems it from being ranked as one of a group of provincial towns. One cannot help, on crossing either of its bridges (to which a new one has now been added), being struck with its resemblance to London, the city rising on the banks of the Tyne, with its many church spires, its sombre, grey atmosphere, and its undulating hills, very much as does the Southern metropolis.

Unlike Manchester and Birmingham, too, Newcastle is not a forest of chimney-stacks. Its principal industry being an underground one, and conducted outside the city's limits, the central portion of the town, with its fine streets of ornate houses, its handsome shops, and public buildings, is free from the grimy suggestion of many another city. Its people, too, are not obviously engaged in business—but rather, one would think, judging by the number of lawyers' offices, in settling one another's worries. And, what is perhaps more important, Newcastle's streets are attractive to the travelling eye by virtue of the large numbers of pretty girls to be seen about. And with the ravishing beauty of its surroundings, such as Jesmond Dene, and the numerous parks, and the Town Moor, the magnificence of its shipyards, its fine, rolling river, and its healthy atmosphere, no wonder Tyneside has produced a number of public-spirited citizens, who are, often enough, Novocastrians first and Britons afterwards.

In a way, the hub of the shipping universe—for the Tyne shares with the Clyde the honour of being the greatest of shipbuilding rivers — in touch with, and in the service of, all the world—small wonder that the Newcastle man boasts a Cosmopolitanism which he places second to no city.

The Novocastrian is, perhaps, more *au courant* with matters metropolitan than many dwellers in towns much nearer the metropolis. He thinks less of a journey to town, a visit to a London theatre, or a round of the shops with his womenfolk, than the man who rusticates in the home-county town.



The statue of Queen Victoria which was unveiled by His Majesty the King

Mosley Street, which was gay with bunting on the occasion of the Royal Visit

Photos] The arch and decorations in Grey Street *[Topical Agency*

The Juggernaut in Arcady

and the least exciting of all known pastimes. What a balloon trip *does* give one is a sense of utter and complete stillness, and also a beautifully serene feeling of aloofness from men and tiresome matters, a contempt for the puniness of earth, and an unbounded sense of sociability and *camaraderie* with those with whom one is basketed aloft in those few square feet of wicker. It is a philosopher's joy, ballooning, the sport of the scientific, and the idea that it provides a new "thrill," or curdles the blood of Father Vaughan's jaded and sinful butterflies, may be good enough for the halfpenny Press, but not for the wiseacres of the Aero Club.

* * *

Handcross Hill Disaster

The lamentable accident on the Brighton Road last week, when ten persons were killed and some twenty more seriously injured by a motor-omnibus crashing against a tree, serves to strengthen the contention that these vehicles are unsuited to long-distance work in the open country. A party of thirty-four residents of Orpington and St. Mary Cray, in Kent, chartered a Vanguard 'bus for a day's trip to Brighton and back. Descending Handcross Hill, which extends for rather over a mile on the Southern side of the historic hamlet, and has an average gradient of 1 in 20, with several curves and some steep bits of from 1 in 10 to 1 in 7, the 'bus became uncontrollable. The driver, in attempting to reverse, and so use his engine as a brake, appears to have missed his gears, with the result that the driving-shaft broke, the gears were smashed, and the foot-brakes rendered inoperative. The exact cause of the accident is at present the subject of close inquiry, but it may be pointed out here that at least a contributing cause of the heavy mortality lay in the fact that the top of the omnibus was crowded with passengers, thus making the 'bus top-heavy, and causing it to swerve with such violence as to make the steering of a straight course practically impossible. Also it may be noted that at the spot where the accident occurred the road has an unusually high "crown." The sad affair has, naturally, chastened the ardour of motor-'bus enthusiasts throughout the country, but some consolation may be found in the suggestion that for town work, over well-paved roads, the chances of such an accident as that at Handcross are infinitesimal.

Photo] **The suffering suffragettes** *[Park*

Mrs. Montefiore, of the Hammersmith "fort," whose absence, addressing a meeting at Woolwich, enabled a bailiff to enter her long-defended premises, with the result that her goods are now up for auction

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

All that remained of the "Vanguard" after its fatal career down Handcross Hill

Ten lives were lost in the disastrous motor-'bus accident near Crawley last week and over twenty were injured. Whatever advantages the motor-'bus undoubtedly has as a means of urban locomotion, there is no doubt that the present type of vehicle is not able to meet all the demands of general up-and-down country travelling, and is certainly not the kind of 'bus for a beanfeast

A Cloud-Loving Princess

The Princess di Teano

Who ascended with Viscount Royston in Mr. C. F. Pollock's balloon in the recent "cloud race" from Ranelagh. The Princess is a daughter of the Duchesse di San Arpino, and is closely related to well-known British families. She is very popular in Rome. The cloud-cult is Society's effective retort on Father Vaughan and others, who are so fond of denouncing its inclination towards the lower regions

Bisley and Its Patrons

The Bisley Meeting

I have spent some years of my life trying to meet someone who goes to Bisley just as other people go to Ascot or Lord's or the Derby, but I have only succeeded in meeting one man. He was a rather nice old official, who spent nine months of the year at the British Museum and the other three at Bisley, shooting at bull's-eyes and things, and the Bisley meeting was the event of the year to him. It is a fact, however, that since the National Rifle Association betook itself from Wimbledon to Bisley, and celebrated its move by asking the then Princess of Wales to fire the first shot (which she did, and made a bull), it has gone on increasing in members and riches until it is now the largest of its kind in the world. I believe, too, something like £14,000 was to be competed for in money and kind, so the only wonder is more people do not go to Bisley and endeavour to lift some of it. A feature of this year's meeting was the competition between Lords and Commons, a struggle which, at one time, was a feature of the meeting, but which has for some years been in abeyance. The resuscitation of this feature of the programme was due to the initiative of Sir Henry Aubrey Fletcher, who has busied himself over it for a long time. There was again this year a lady competitor from the Transvaal, who, with that sublime disregard for appearances which only the woman who can shoot straight can afford to indulge in, lay flat on the front of her most of the day in the broiling sun, in the most sportsmanlike manner. I should like very much to meet this lady. I have never yet met a woman who could hit anything she aimed at except by the merest fluke, and anomalies are always interesting. By the way, why do not those gentlemen, some of them who are preparing in anticipation for the Glorious Twelfth, practice a bit at Bisley? I am sure it would do them a world of good, even if, at the end of it, they were not favoured with a prize from the hands of the presiding Royalty—this year Prince Arthur of Connaught, but last year the King himself.

* * *

The Second Most Exclusive Club in the World

The two latest recruits to the Jockey Club, which, next to the Royal Yacht Squadron, is the most exclusive of any club in existence, are Lord Sefton and Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, Naval A.D.C. to the King, and formerly Commander of the Royal Yacht, whose prowess with the Naval Brigade at Ladysmith has been by no means forgotten. As, I suppose, everyone knows, the Jockey Club has almost entire control of Newmarket, and its rigid exclusiveness may be judged by the fact that, in these days, although money is supposed to be able to get a man in anywhere, there are only twenty-one honorary members, of which the King of the Belgians is one, and sixty-four members on the list, the latter including, of course, the King, and also the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian.

* * *

Why is Newmarket Unpopular?

While the dispute continues to rage between the race-horse and racecourse owners, on which, at the time of writing, the Jockey Club has not pronounced its dictum, an interesting side-issue has been raised, as to why Newmarket is not more popular with Society than it is. While Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Sandown all attract the leisured elegants, the fine racecourse on Newmarket Heath draws its supporters almost entirely from racing men. The ignoramus and the tyro—those inevitable and generally picturesque adjuncts to all real social functions—never wend their way fenwards, though the King is there *toujours*, and Newmarket has grand racing and glorious air, and is a nice, clean town, and not really far from London. It is said that the railway service is not good, but then, I believe, the Great Eastern authorities are meditating serious reforms. Certainly, I for one would elect to take my departure from the well-ordered and easily understood Liverpool Street any day of the week rather than endure the hopeless confusion of some other stations. Perhaps it is Newmarket's proximity to that seat of grave learning and graver recreations, Cambridge, which frightens people off the track! Some reason there must certainly be, could one but find it.

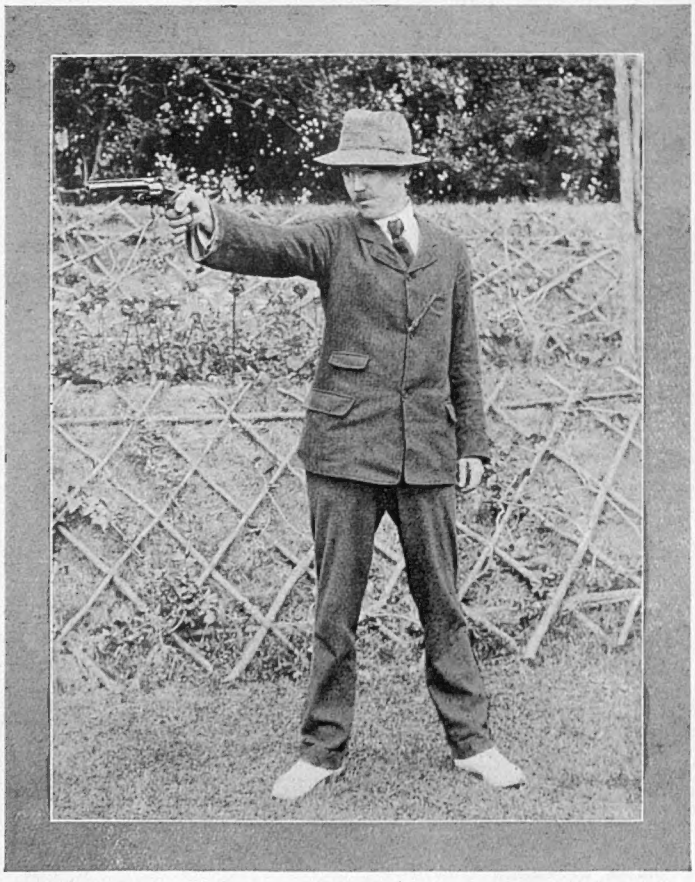


Photo *Charles Knight and Sons*

A Bisley winner

Mr. S. M Wallingford firing the shot which won him the Army Revolver Gold Medal at Bisley

New Members of the Jockey Club

The Eton and Harrow Match

The people who were bored at the 'Varsity match the previous week turned up again, with a self-sacrifice only to be found in Society people, at the Eton and Harrow on Friday and Saturday of last week. Somehow, though, they were not quite—it was impossible to be quite—so acutely bored as they were at the 'Varsity match. There is something about the Eton and Harrow match which makes it quite different to all other cricket matches. The heroes of the day—the boys—certainly put on just the same little airs and graces as do the undergraduates, but, on extreme youth, airs and graces rather make for charm than otherwise, just as, on callow youth, the same thing makes for irritation (to the onlooker). Also, there are so many delightful kiddies looking on, and clapping and cheering with such unequalled vigour and untiring enthusiasm. The little sisters especially are so keen and sweet, and so becomingly pleased and flattered when an elderly brother of some fifteen short summers offers to show them round a bit; the mothers so absurdly proud and beaming; and the fathers so unprecedently generous in the way of the wherewithal to buy strawberry ices and things. It doesn't really much matter either which side wins. Both are "quite decent chaps," and both are equally keen, and both players and partisans are quite prepared to have a

Photo *Russell and Sons*

Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton

Of Naval Brigade fame, who has just been elected a member of the Jockey Club, though hitherto he has not taken a very active interest in racing

Photo *Russell and Sons*

The Earl of Sefton

Master of the Horse, and a keen steeplechaser, who has been elected a member of the Jockey Club

The Jockey Club's premises in High Street, Newmarket

The Club, which has lately been brought more than usually before the public over the De Wend Fenton affair, has practically the entire control of Newmarket, and its membership includes the King, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. A dispute is now pending between the owners and racecourse authorities at Newmarket, on which the Club's view is expected to be decisive

Hoaxing the Poor Prussian

jolly good time if they only succeed in inducing their parents to behave in accordance with schoolboy ethics as to the deportment of parents, *i.e.* be nice to look upon, sparing in their visible devotion to "my son," and properly full of almost petrified admiration for "our side, you know, mother." There is one thing, however, which is a perpetual trouble to the boys, and that is "mother's" disgraceful vagueness as to which side is in. He spends most of the time he is with her correcting her lapses in this direction, and endeavouring to hush up her brazenness in the matter. The little sisters are much more sporting; even when they haven't the faintest idea who is in, they would rather die a thousand horrid deaths than give themselves away by asking.

* * *

Diplomats in London

Lord Brassey's yacht *Sunbeam* has seen a good deal of life one way and another, but I do not think she has ever before been put to her present duty. Mr. Freeman Thomas, the Liberal Candidate for Bodmin in succession to Mr. Agar-Robartes, is using her for canvassing the fishermen at present away on the fishing grounds. Talking of the Bodmin election reminds me that the dethroned Member's younger brother, the Hon. Francis Agar-Robartes, has just entered the Diplomatic Service as an attaché. He is the first of his line to make diplomacy his profession, and was educated, like his father and brother before him, at Eton. London just now is simply full of diplomatists, who seize this, the best time of the year, to spend their leave in England, and amongst them are Sir John Harrington, our representative at the Court of the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Lowther from Tangier, Mr. Walter Townley, Councillor to the Washington Embassy, and Lady Susan Townley, who are at their delightful flat in St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, and Sir Conyngham and Lady Lily Greene from Bucharest. The Vicomte de Manneville, First Secretary to the French Embassy, is spending his leave in his native country, and will return, with the Vicomtesse, to his duties in London late in September.

"The Five Generations"

The photograph, showing the Kaiser nursing his new infant grandson (with its father and two "immortal" ancestors in the background), enjoyed an enormous sale in Berlin, which was rather rough on the loyal Prussians, seeing that, at the time of the birth, H.I.M. had been no nearer the grandson in Berlin than the deck of his yacht in the North Sea

Photo *Thomson*

Brazil in London

A new photograph of H.E. Senhor Regos de Oliveira, the recently appointed Brazilian Minister, and his four Secretaries

* * *

Five Generations

As I said last week, the Germans are the most amazingly "domestic" people in the world, their love for sentimental scenes from nursery or marital life being only equalled by their love for sausages and beer. Just lately, however, they have received a slight shock. On the day the Kaiser's little grandson (I do not say the Crown Prince's son, because, so far, all the credit for the baby's appearance having been put to the Kaiser, the infant is scarcely known but in the latter connection) was born, a post-card, a reproduction of which is on this page, was for sale in Berlin, and next day was selling in thousands all over Germany to an enthusiastic if simple public. The only point which escaped them was that the Kaiser, on the day the little Prince was born, and during the ensuing week, was absent on his usual North Sea trip. It is, however, now beginning to dawn on them that they have been "had" rather badly, and doubts harass them as to whether the Kaiser did them the honour to partake in the hoax himself with a bogus baby on his knee, or if the "Five Generations" is purely a photographic fake. Anyhow, one may be pretty sure the Kaiser himself does not mind, for the tableau of the "Five Generations" is after his very own heart, and is so faithful to his fancies that I should not be surprised if he inspired it himself (by private wire). By the way, Queen Maud of Norway was, I regret to see, indisposed on the occasion of the Kaiser's Trondhjem banquet, and unable to attend. What strange and subtle microbe is it, I wonder, that the Kaiser carries about with him which causes nearly every member of the British Royal family to be "indisposed" whenever he is in their neighbourhood?

The Eton v. Harrow Match

The scene during the luncheon interval, at Lord's last week

Despite the thunderous skies, the usual brilliant and interested crowd of boys, with their fathers, and mothers, and sisters, witnessed the cricket, the function being to Etonians and Harrovians the year's bright particular picnic, and the occasion on which one is able to display one's people to other fellows' people to the best advantage

Peers Spiritual and Temporal

Some Episcopal Items

"Every one of the bishops," said the Bishop of Salisbury in the Upper House of Convocation the other day, "already gives the Archbishop an infinity of trouble." So much so, indeed, that the Salisbury prelate does not think for a moment that the Primate will consider that aspect of the Ritual Commission which recommended the division of many dioceses. Poor bishops! the way they are made to bear the blame for all the Ritualistic misdeeds of their numerous flock makes me quite sorry for them. I wonder in what way they give an "infinity of trouble," and which are the worst offenders; a list giving names and naughtinesses would be interesting. To the feminine mind, I am told, however, there is something distinctly fascinating about a bishop—their lawn-sleeves alone are too attractive for words—and some of them are practical as well as charming. Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, Bishop of Worcester, for instance, has had a large number of rooms in his episcopal residence, Hartlebury Castle, near Kidderminster, fitted up for missioners of his diocese to live in, and only a few days ago that venerable ex-soldier, *littérateur*, and editor, the Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan), celebrated his eightieth birthday, and his fiftieth year in Holy Orders, by giving a thank-offering of £2,000 to different institutions. If these things are not practical bishopry, I know not what is, and one could go on for hours compiling lists of such deeds.

Photo *Window and Grove*

A Birthday Peer

Lord Allandale (late Mr. Wentworth Beaumont), who has raised the familiar grievance of the need for a lift in the House of Lords by refusing to take his seat in the Chamber until the Commons grant the needed supplies

* * *

Some Peers

Peers of the realm, of course, are notoriously of a querulous and peevish disposition, especially when newly made. Though not going so far as Mr. Lloyd-George, who thinks the time has come, as the walrus said, to scrap the House of Lords, I certainly do think that they are just a little tiresome, and they, like the Bishops, give the long-suffering nation, by their tortoise-like methods of procedure, an infinity of trouble. And how they do grumble, too! Just as if the nation was made for the peers, instead of the peers for the nation. Even the newly made ones do it. Lord Allandale (late Mr. Wentworth Beaumont) declines peremptorily to take his seat in the House of Lords until a lift is installed therein for his convenience. The Commons not seeing their way clear to pay the cost, I don't know how they will settle matters. Amicably, I trust. Another grumbler is Lord Wemyss—nearly ninety, lately married, great on golf, and down on tenants—who complains that he is living in very bad times for landlords. One would like to know in what way "times" are worse than they were twenty-three years ago, when Lord Wemyss and twenty-five other peers signed a paper declaring that they were prepared to sit in Parliament from July to September, in order to prevent new Bills being hastily and inconsiderately passed. Now, even though Lord Wemyss owns some 70,000 acres, we don't think of asking him, as a great landlord, to stop in London and keep an eye, which would much rather be following the wary golf ball, on dull things like Bills, novel or otherwise, do we? And we are quite willing to spare him to Scotland; therefore, I cannot see that times are so bad for Lord Wemyss, or any other great landlord, as they would like to make out.

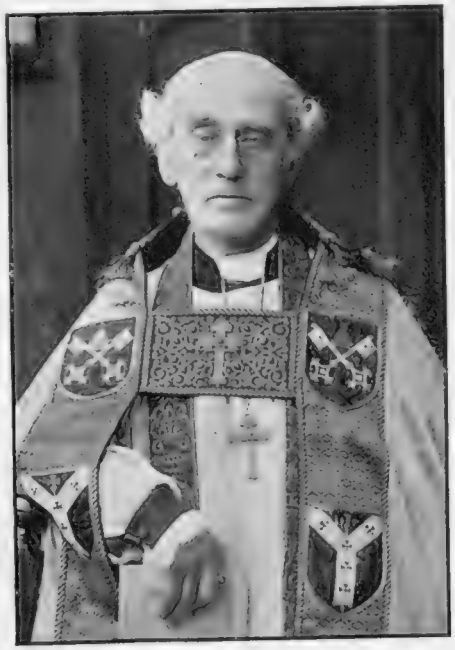


Photo *Russell and Sons*

His Grace the Archbishop of York

(Dr. Maclagan), who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday by giving £2,000 as a thank-offering to charitable institutions

* * *

Pagan Sundays

Father Bernard Vaughan is not the only person who finds it his duty to declaim against the way in which Society spends its week-ends, although he was the pioneer in the matter. The priests, or, perhaps, in view of the recent Ritual Commission I should say, the clergy of Maidenhead, are taking up the cudgels, and are declaring in sermons, which make the guilty townsfolk quake, that Boulter's Lock on a fine Sunday morning in June or July is a shame and a disgrace, and that not only do the wicked people who come down from Town for a day on the river endanger their own immortal souls, they also, by their awful example, pervert the otherwise blameless townspeople, who crowd the sides of the lock from early morn to dewy eve in their anxiety to witness the horrid scenes of revelry. Then there is another thing. The ladies of

The Battle of the Baths

Cookham and Maidenhead are very anxious to have a bathing-place of their own, adjacent to the already existing one for men at that charming spot called Odney Pool. Sir George Young, an old gentleman of rigidly Puritanical principles, adjoining whose estate is the water the ladies are anxious to annex as a bathing-place, is equally anxious they shall *not*, and so he and they are playing a kind of novel hide-and-seek. No sooner does Sir George betake himself to Town (he is Chief Charity Commissioner) than the Cookhamites set to, like Balbus, and build a wall—I mean a bathing-place. No sooner does Sir George return than, like another man, only I can't remember his name, he pulls it down again. When I was last in Cookham, it was destroyed, but I hear that in the dead of night they are bit by bit restoring it. So the Chief Charity Commissioner, whose charity does not, apparently, extend to tolerance, will have all his work to do over again. Altogether, they are really seeing life down in that beautiful little corner in Berkshire where, one would have thought, love and peace alone would have ruled! And the river and its enchantments are the sole and innocent cause of all the trouble.

The new portrait of Turner

Which has been "unearthed" in a Seven Dials' store by Mr. Kilsby, and which Mr. Frith, R.A., has pronounced to be "undoubtedly a likeness of Turner, whom I knew well"

* * *

An Unearthed Turner Portrait

Yet another picture romance! This time, the work of art, which has been "unearthed" by the familiar "well-known collector" in the usual "second-hand dealer's shop," is nothing less than a portrait—reputed to be by himself—of the great Turner. As to its genuineness or no, it is not for me, who knew Turner but slightly (and that only in a National Gallery sense of the word), to say, but Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., in a letter to Mr. Kilsby (the discoverer), has pronounced it to be "undoubtedly a likeness of Turner, whom I knew well." The work is considered as pretty safe for the National Portrait Gallery, or at any rate for inclusion in the Turner collection now on view at the Tate Gallery.

* * *

The Servian Regicides and England

Whether or not Mr. Whitehead, the new British Minister to Servia, will take a copy of Lord Rosebery's "Life of Oliver Cromwell" (with the

Photo] **The much-destroyed bathing-place at Cookham** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Once again has Sir George Young signified his dislike of the use of the backwater dam at Odney Common as a ladies' bathing-place by destroying it, this year, after some useful improvements had been placed there by Mr. E. Cooper. "*Place aux dames*" is evidently not Sir George Young's motto when the "place" is wanted for the bathing of the fair ones

A Smart Military Wedding

passages regarding regicides underlined), as was suggested by an Irish Member in the House the other day, there can be no doubt that his arrival is eagerly looked for by the Servian nation.

In the compulsory retirement of the regicides by the Government, the country has both cleared itself of blots on its escutcheon, and has also—which, perhaps, in its own estimation is more important—at last regained the official good-will of England. The absence of any British official recognition has weighed heavily on the mind of the Serbs, for, like most small nations, they have a very good idea of their own importance. The originator of this boycott was Sir George Bonham, who was the British Minister in Belgrade at the time of the assassination, but since his withdrawal after that fateful day, Servia has been left out in the cold by Great Britain.

* * *

A Pen-Picture of King Peter

I hope, however, now that the regicides, with unpronounceable names, have left the arena, things will go better with the little kingdom, for His Majesty seems to be a very amiable personage. Our Belgrade correspondent writes :—

The seeming transformation in the personality of the Monarch of Servia since his accession shows how mistaken is public judgment, or how difficult it is to gauge a man's character from his past career. As a Pretender, he had the reputation of being ardently ambitious, arbitrary, and unscrupulous. As a King he reveals strange longanimity, a love of strict legality, and a meek adhesion to the counsels of those who surround him.

With a wise appreciation of his advanced age, and the Crown Prince's youth and impetuosity, the King rightly considers the preservation of his life as the very most important asset in Servia's tranquility. Therefore his diet is carefully selected; his hours of work and those reserved to bodily exercise well dispensed; and his immunity from unnecessary agitation or excitement constantly safeguarded. True, the daily glance at the world's chief newspapers, and the perusal of most Servian ones which he never omits, comes under the head of "recreation!"—and the contents cannot, as a rule, be styled exhilarating or satisfactory—but the King refuses to yield up this form of mild amusement. He is in the saddle every morning at six o'clock, and retires to rest early, being of most meticulous habits. Those who have been admitted to an audience of King Peter invariably take away a pleasant impression of his good-nature and geniality.

* * *

Mr. Fellowes' Wedding

A smart military wedding was that on Monday, the 9th, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Lieut. the Hon. Coulson Fellowes, Lord de Ramsey's eldest son (1st Life Guards), to Miss Dorothy Jefferson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, Lincolnshire county folk, who have a house in Berkeley Square.

BYSTANDER.

MR. FELLOWES—MISS JEFFERSON

Photo *Mayall and Co.*

The Hon. Coulson Fellowes (1st Life Guards)

Son of Lord de Ramsey

Photo *Keturah Collings*

Miss Dorothy Jefferson

Daughter of Mr. H. W. Jefferson, of Stoke Rochford, Grantham

WHO WERE MARRIED AT ST. MARGARET'S ON THE 9th INST.

Our First Seaside Joke

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS

BERTHA: "I say, father, are you still growing?"

FATHER: "No, my dear, why?"

BERTHA (*puzzled*): "Why, because the top of your head is coming through your hair"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

The PLAYHOUSES

Summer Vacation Topics

The critic welcomes the summer vacation almost as much as hard-worked manager or actor. It is so much more pleasant to write about the theatre without the bother of seeing any plays. So when playhouses are "dark," imagination plays idly around one thousand and one questions which affect the theatre. One can stray down the pleasant side paths of the drama safe in the knowledge that nothing we meet will call for strenuous comment. In the busy season plays in particular put forward their claim upon one's precious space, and one loses so many opportunities of discoursing in an amiable and rambling fashion upon the theatre in general.

* * *

Mrs. "Pat" Campbell does not ask for, but she must not mind receiving, an expression of sympathy upon the line taken by so many scribes when dealing with her unsuccessful season at the Criterion. So many of them wound up their lament upon the poverty of the plays with a sententious note of surprise that she should have been beguiled into producing them. Call a play a bad play and be done with it. It is at no time a pleasant thing to do, even for a hide-bound critic. The further note is best expressed in slang. It is "rubbing it in." If you come to think of it, the same finishing process might be used upon every manager who produces an unsuccessful play. For every bad play—provided critics and public are correct in their opinion—reflects upon the judgment of the manager. No, the only excuse for rubbing it in about faulty judgment is positive knowledge that the unfortunate manager had turned down better plays in favour of the one which was received with scorn.

If the critics who struck this note can prove to me that Mrs. Pat had even one play up her sleeve likely to make a more potent appeal to the public, I will apologise to them in three languages.

* * *

Where do you think we have arrived? Why, at that No Man's Land in the map of theatre which is represented by the dearth of good plays. Put to me any evil effect in the world of the theatre, and I will quickly lead you back by short cuts to this dreary wilderness and point it out as the Great Cause-land.

Mlle. Marthe Regnier

The famous French comedienne, who presented *Petit Chagrin* and *Petite Peste*, two comedies, last week at the Royalty

I have a friend who prides himself upon his common-sense. Whenever I dine with him he always starts upon dramatic topics, though I have told him over and over again I prefer to discuss roses. Green-fly is not nearly as destructive as people imagine. He is ever at pains to tell me that he is far removed from the atmosphere of plays and players. "I go to the theatre as a form of amusement every now and again—depending not so much upon the attractions, and their power of attraction, as upon the state of my funds. I flatter myself, although it's not my line, that I know a good play from a bad one."

I nodded.

"What's more, I can give you a pretty satisfactory solution of the problem you are always moaning about—the dearth of good plays."

"Truth manifests itself in strange ways."

"Be serious. The reason why there are not more good plays is because they are not properly written."

"Indeed," I said.

"Listen, and don't keep on interrupting. I mean that managers sit in their offices and wait for a heaven-born dramatist to come and be kicked out. When he has been the rounds of these contemptuous autocrats, our dramatist gets a play in on the last, perhaps. It is successful. Then all the others rush to him with commissions for new plays and frantic offers for anything else he has got by him. They go for the name once it is made, irrespective of the play. Yet they expect to acquire quite a stock of plays by this process. They don't deserve to get one. If they want plays properly written, plays likely to succeed, they themselves should be able to suggest the subjects, the scenario, as you call it, to the budding playwright. They are supposed to know the public taste. It takes them years to acquire the knowledge, yet they expect this knowledge to be but one of the minor qualifications of the coming playwright. Here is my ideal manager. He feels the pulse of the public one day and says gravely, 'The time is just ripe for a good Society play, the moral of which is that the Smart Set do not care one atom for the strictures upon their behaviour, and that if they liked they could prove that the lower middle classes were every whit as bad, only in a less interesting degree. Now, who shall I get for

that? Why, Robinson—just the man for a Society play of this order. I will rough out my idea and tell my secretary to ask him to call upon me next Monday.'

* * *

"You see the virtue of my idea? Robinson, instead of working morosely at a pretty domestic comedy, which will probably fade upon his shelf, as so many Robinsons are doing at the present moment, my ideal Robinson talks over the scenario with the manager, suggests a few alterations, tucks the MSS. under his arm, and walks home with the grim determination to turn out, in the allotted time, such a play that there will be no question of that ass Brown being given a chance at the scenario.

* * *

"Later a feel of the pulse, and this time Brown, with a satisfied 'ha!' and a gleam in his eye, sits down to elaborate a play of hearth and home, which will make even that stuck-up Mrs. Brown smile through her tears, and cause Brown to say feelingly, 'My dear chap, you've never done better.'" E. C. S.

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell at Drury Lane

After considerable negotiations, Mr. Arthur Collins is pleased to announce that he has persuaded Mrs. Patrick Campbell to create the leading rôle of the heroine in Mr. Hall Caine's drama, *The Bondman*, which is to be the Autumn attraction at the National Theatre. This involves the postponement by Mrs. Patrick Campbell of an important tour in the United States; but the possibilities of the strong part she has been offered decided her to make this sacrifice. Such spirited action on the part of this clever actress will be much appreciated by the English playgoing public, who will welcome this, her first appearance on the classic boards of Old Drury.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Huntley Wright as Hang-Kee in "See-See"

Having acquired a reputation as the China-man in the original *Geisha*, he is again assuming a Celestial rôle in *See-See*

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"La Bascule" at the Royalty

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week, Maurice Donnay's clever comedy, *La Bascule*, was given at the New Royalty Theatre. The cast was an exceptionally strong one, and included M. Felix Huguenet and Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, to the brilliant acting of whom the piece owed much of its undoubted success. It is a great pity that the author allows so much unnecessary coarseness of language to mar the piece, and of which there is really no need. But for this the play would be funny all the way through. As it was, M. Felix Huguenet, as Hubert de Plouha, made the best of every opportunity to be amusing, and the audience had plenty to laugh at. The plot is slight, turning on Hubert's love for two women—his wife, played by Mlle. Valentine Petit, and Rosine Bernier, an actress, played by Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat—and herein lies the fun.

Photo; **Mr. Walter Passmore in the Sea Serpent Chorus in "The Dairymaids"** *[Dover Street Studios*

The Silly Season and the Sea Serpent are here, the latter being on view at the Apollo, where its gyrations are represented by a sinuous and graceful dance, enlivened by the antics of Mr. Walter Passmore

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Millionaire Tragedy from a Parisian Standpoint

There are several reasons why the Thaw murder case is arousing interest in Paris, especially when it is remembered that both murderer and victim were well known in Paris, in the world *où l'on s'amuse*, by no means a small one. Both gentlemen used to entertain their friends in a princely manner at Ritz's and other fashionable places, and they likewise were great favourites with our *théatreuses*, ladies proudly calling themselves actresses, because they had some kind of engagement at one of the theatres where, on very rare occasions, they are given a rôle of about a half a dozen words. In reality, the *théatreuses* are *demi-mondaines* of the expensive order. After his marriage, Mr. Thaw was also frequently seen in Paris, where his wife's good looks and charming manner were greatly admired.

Photo *C. Vandyk*

The Duke of Orleans

Who probably will be asked to curtail his visit to Ostend. The Duke's presence is said to endanger the *entente* between France and Belgium, as he is regarded in a very unfavourable light by the French Government

Its Psychological Side

But the murder is also discussed by that section of the Paris public not personally acquainted with the actors in the drama. It is the psychological side of the case that appeals to them, and they shrug their shoulders disdainfully when they read of the violent outbursts of prudery on the other side of the Atlantic. At one time our French friends only knew of Anglo-Saxon prudery. In the course of time, however, they could not help noticing that the symptoms of the national malady in America are different from those that characterise it in England. "Prudery," says Beaumarchais, "is the parody of modesty"; whilst Victor Hugo calls it "a demi-virtue and a demi-vice." Be this as it may, prudery is part of our national character, and we bear it meekly, like we do the National Debt. Yet it has not eaten into our system; and recent English plays and novels clearly show that the malady with us is slowly dying out. Moreover, in our dealings with strangers, we make no public display of it; and if we suffer at all we do not let strangers know it. This the French readily acknowledge, and they make every allowance for what they call our peculiarities.

American Prudery

Not so with our American friends. Their prudery takes another form: it is aggressive, and as loud as their talk. At the time of the Gorki affair, when it was actually suggested to expel the famous writer from the United States because he had introduced the lady with whom he travelled as his wife, the Paris papers discussed the matter, and took the Puritans seriously to task. And now, again, the attitude of the American public in the Thaw case is quite incomprehensible to the Parisian, who fails to see what the fact of the victim having been an "immoral person" has to do with the case. That the pious people in the States should be anxious to sully a dead man's memory in order to find extenuating circumstances for his murderer, is beyond the Parisian's comprehension. In the good olden times in France, it was cheaper to kill a commoner than a nobleman; and the murder of a Jew proved less costly than that of a commoner. And the Parisian says, with perfect logic, that if other countries adopt the American code of morality, all a criminal has to do is to make careful inquiries about the man he intends to assassinate, and, if he hears the latter is an "immoral person," he may pose as a public benefactor, and as such claim to be acquitted.

Sisowath's Rivals

Good King Sisowath has just recovered from a great fright. He arrived in Paris at a moment when Royal personages were scarce, and the possibility of his having any rival never entered his Royal head. With Paris all to himself, he became a little spoiled, and, for that reason, probably, was not always as amiable as even a dusky potentate should be. All at once he heard that Mr. and Mrs. Longworth were expected, and the news gave him a shock. The dreaded competitors have arrived. It would be rash to say that His Majesty changed colour, but I can affirm that, thanks to Mrs. Longworth's visit, he has become quite accessible, and even has condescended

The Alpine Season Opens

Three well-known Zermatt characters

Mlle. Biner (the woman hairdresser), Alois Biner (a guide), and Joseph Pollinger's brother. The *coiffeuse* has had the "honour" of cutting an Archbishop of Canterbury's hair

Joseph Pollinger, the well-known guide

Who, with his brother, made the first ascent of the Täschhorn, 14,757 ft., in icy weather, this year. The latter's hand was frost-bitten, and the wine they took with them was completely frozen

The great event which marks the opening of each consecutive season is the first ascent of the Matterhorn. This year unusual interest was attached to it, as it was performed by a young Swiss girl, a Miss Gindaiz, accompanied by the well-known guides, David Biner and Emile Grauen, and when she reached the summit, at eight a.m. on Tuesday morning, the 26th ult., the news that the first ascent of the year had taken place was telegraphed through Switzerland. Although the season for high climbs is still early, two guides—Joseph Pollinger and his brother—pioneered an Englishman in the beginning of the month to the top of the Täschhorn, a very severe undertaking, and one of them was badly frost-bitten in the hand.

Watching the first climb of the season through a telescope

The first ascent of the Matterhorn, which was made by Miss Gindaiz on June 26, is a matter of so much interest in Switzerland, that directly it is accomplished the news is telegraphed to all parts

to give us some of his impressions of Europe. Many things have surprised him, but nothing so much as our boots and shoes. "Why are they so narrow?" he asked; "don't they hurt?" "They do, your Majesty, they hurt very much," was the reply. "Then why do your wear them?" insisted Sisowath I. The gentleman to whom he addressed the question might have replied that the custom of wearing narrow boots dates from the Dark Ages, when we had no barometers, and were compelled to raise corns to predict the weather. But, perhaps, Sisowath would not have understood. The potentate also blamed us for wearing high, ugly, silk hats. "If I see a man walk in my country with such a thing on his head, I'll have it knocked in!" exclaimed His Majesty, in an angry tone. Our clothes, however, and the three-cornered hats have found favour with him, and, on his return, he will order his subjects to wear European dress. No more "Sampots," but honest long trousers, ornamented with pretty designs: lotus flowers, little birds, or butterflies. On his next visit to Europe we shall be able to admire this improved style.

The Difficulties of Marriage

Recent statistics have shown that there are many more illegitimate children in France than in England; and it is the French Administration who, by making marriage such a difficult affair, are responsible. There is no charge to those whom Monsieur le Maire binds together, but so much time and red tape is wasted over the business that people of the lower orders are apt to dispense with that ceremony altogether, or postpone it till a day when they have nothing else to do.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

At the sign of "The Horse"

A number of people have recently died through eating horse-flesh, and the Government have now forced butchers who sell horse-flesh to place above their shops a sign representing a horse's head

"L'Œuvre des Mariages"

To counterbalance this state of things, an excellent organisation has been set on foot, with branches in every district in Paris. It is called "L'Œuvre des Mariages," and each branch has an honorary president, a lawyer, who, of course, gives his services gratuitously. The object of the organisation is to communicate with the "irregular" households, and induce them—especially if there are children—to regularise their position. And, in order to facilitate matters, the "Œuvre des Mariages" undertakes to secure the necessary documents and make the required arrangements. A few days ago a young Spanish girl, recently released from prison, was brought before one of our police magistrates for having disobeyed an order for her expulsion. Under ordinary circumstances the girl would have been sentenced to a week's imprisonment and then taken to the frontier, escorted by Monsieur le Gendarme. Fortunately for her, the "Œuvre" has taken her in hand. She was living at the time with a mechanic, and they were waiting for a certificate from the Spanish Consulate to become man and wife. All this was explained to the magistrate, who had her released from custody, especially as the moment she married a Frenchman the order of expulsion cannot be carried out.

"Les Marchands de Quatre Saisons"

We have entered upon the "silly season," and we must not be astonished if silly rumours reach us. The latest is a threatened upheaval of the Paris costers, who belong to the queer types of which our capital boasts. Their grievance is that they are threatened with a regulation which will ultimately have the effect of reducing their numbers. Under present circumstances, the coster—or *marchand de quatre saisons*, as he is called here—has to apply to the Préfecture for a medal, authorising him to sell fruit, vegetables, etc., within a certain circumscribed area and this concession, it appears, can only be secured by dint of much solicitation and "influence." The Préfecture de la Seine now proposes to issue no more medals during a certain period, and to limit the number available at the end of that time. The coster, paying neither rent nor taxes, can offer his wares at a lower figure than the man owning a shop; and there is no doubt that it is the poor grocer, and not the coster, who has a grievance. As argument is useless with the itinerant vendor, the authorities are not quite wrong in taking him somewhat sternly in hand.

Cupid's Messengers

But the resourceful *marchand de quatre saisons* has other strings to his bow. I know of several who act as love's messengers, and whose trucks are a post-office to which lovers, who have no other ways of communicating with one another, direct their correspondence. Be it said in honour of the corporation, these intermediaries are not only reliable as regards the delivery of the letters entrusted to them, but they are above bribery. At the Palais Royal, close to the big fountain, you can see an old, venerable-looking coster; his name is Père Callot, and a story is told how a jealous husband offered him a large sum if he handed him a certain correspondence. But old Callot shook his venerable head, and, like the child in *A Man's Shadow*, had seen nothing, and knew nothing!

Lancelot

New Methods with the Deaf and Dumb

A MARVELLOUS PARISIAN SCHOOL FOR MUTES

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

(1) To teach the mute to reproduce gutturals, he is made to place his hand on the teacher's throat, and imitate in his own the vibrations noticed

(2) In the same way, by placing his finger on the teacher's nose, the pupil learns to imitate nasal sound

IT was most pathetic to be present at a sermon delivered by a well-known preacher in Oxford Street the other Sunday, whose utterances were translated in hand and lip language to a large congregation of deaf mutes. Beneficent, however, as this method of alleviating their distress is, an institution has been founded in Paris by the Abbé de l'Epée, by which children born deaf and dumb can both understand and carry on a conversation.

The method of tuition has now been brought to such a pitch of perfection that by watching the movements of the lips of a speaker, though stone deaf, they are enabled to appreciate and

Object-Lessons for the Mute

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

carry on a conversation, even with a stranger, so accurately that it is almost impossible to realise their infirmity.

They are first taught to recognise the various intonations of the voice by means of vibration. The quality of guttural sounds is conveyed by placing the hand of the lad upon the throat of the speaker, who continues repeating a certain sound till the scholar can reproduce it himself. Dental sounds are taught by placing a thin bone instrument between the teeth while making the sound, and at the same time placing the patient's hand on the crown of the speaker's head.

Once the preliminary efforts to attain articulation are over, words and

(3) Teaching names either from the object itself, say a flower pot, or

(4) By means of pictures of various subjects

How to Demonstrate an Abstract Idea

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

(5) Wonderful to say, after a short time, the pupils can take down dicta ion very correctly by watching the teacher's lips

(6) Abstract ideas are the most difficult to instil. By means of a marble blown along a board the master is trying to demonstrate the power of wind

sentences are soon taught, and a class will take down a long dictation lesson, by merely watching the instructor's lips, with surprisingly few mistakes.

The names, use, and meaning of things that can be conveyed to their minds by ocular demonstration are comparatively easy to teach, but it is instilling the correct signification of "abstract ideas" that presents at times almost insurmountable difficulties, and many ingenious devices are requisitioned to accomplish this. One of these is here reproduced. The master is endeavouring, by means of a marble blown along a grooved board, to demonstrate to his pupils the "power" of wind.

The Creation of a Landscape

THE TRANSFORMATION OF "CRAGSIDE": BY LADY ARMSTRONG

The King's visit to Northumberland, lately, recalls the fact that, on a previous journey, when he was Prince of Wales, he honoured the late Lord Armstrong (the grand-uncle of the present holder of the title) with his presence at "Cragside." A few words, therefore, as to the origin of this interesting example of landscape-making may not be inopportune.

The bridge across the valley at "Cragside"

In the year 1864 the late Lord Armstrong thought that he would build himself a small shooting-box in the neighbourhood of Rothbury, about forty miles distant from Newcastle, the district being chosen on account of his early childish associations with the place. He purchased a great bleak hillside, and proceeded to build his house. Space forbids my relating the gradual transformation of this stern hillside into the paradise it now is. Suffice it to say, there are miles upon miles of beautiful flowering shrubs, with plants and coniferæ of every description. From eight to ten million trees and shrubs, at least, have been planted. In the spring the masses of rhododendrons of every colour defy description; there are also forty different varieties of heather blooming from spring to late autumn. In fact, all the year round the eye meets, on the Cragside hill, with foliage of varied hue. There are five small lakes on the estate.

The house is quaint and irregular in design, built on rock—in fact, it is almost built in its own quarry It contains many art treasures in the way of pictures—Turner, David Cox, Constable, Millais, etc., being well represented. In the drawing-room is a magnificent alabaster and marble mantelpiece.

Photo.] **A stream in the grounds below the house** [*Leonard Willoughby*

One of the charms of "Cragside" are the streams and pools which abound everywhere. There are masses of rhododendrons on every side, and many different kinds of heather are in bloom from spring to late autumn, so that all the year round the hillside is covered with foliage of varied hue

From Wilderness to Paradise

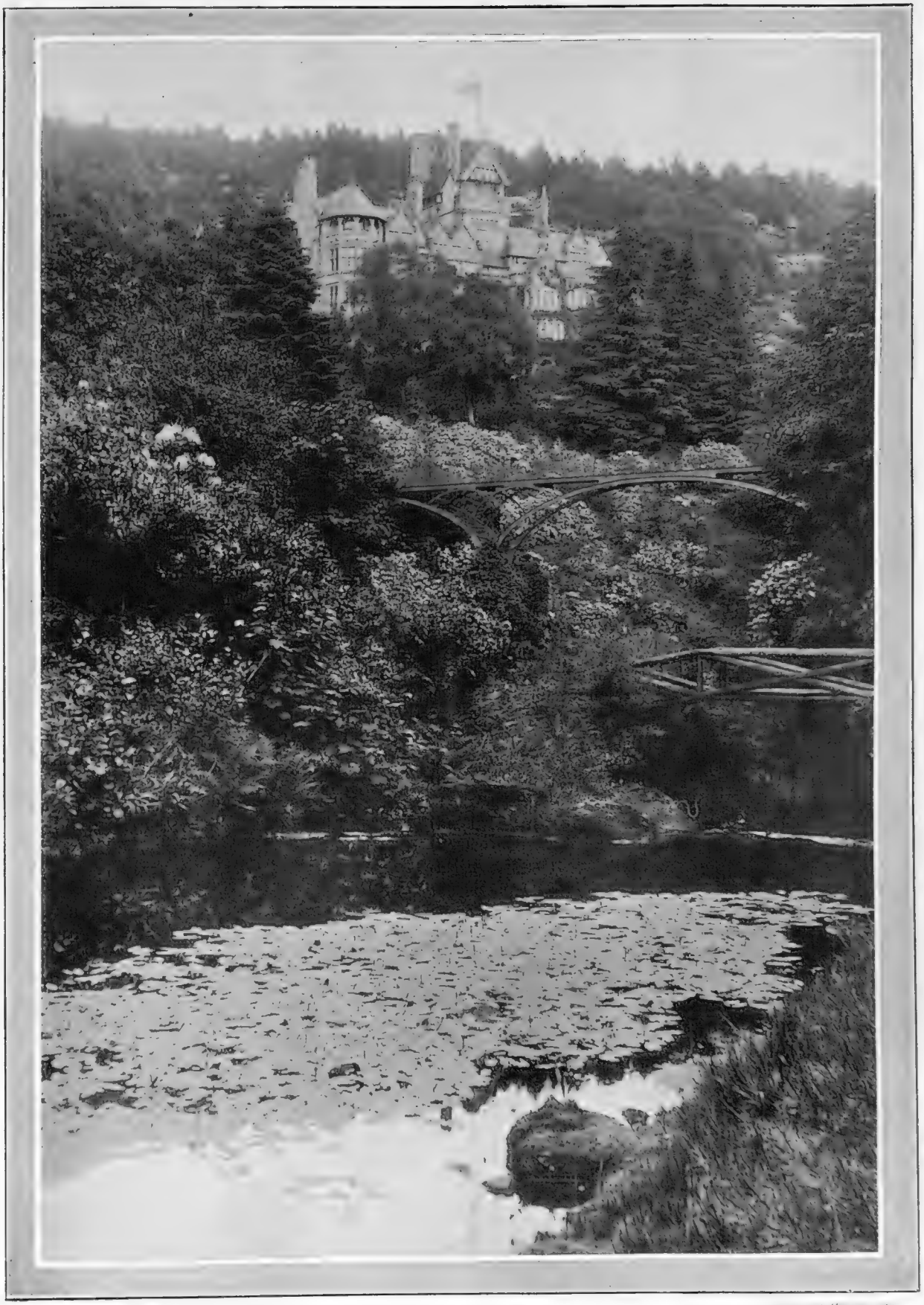


Photo *Leonard Wheeldon*

"Cragside," Lord Armstrong's wonderful seat near Rothbury, as seen from the trout stream

No one seeing "Cragside" would imagine that when the estate was purchased forty years ago it was a barren hillside. Between eight and ten million trees and shrubs have been planted on the estate, which is now a veritable paradise. The house, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, is quaint and irregular in design, and is built on rock—in fact, almost in its own quarry

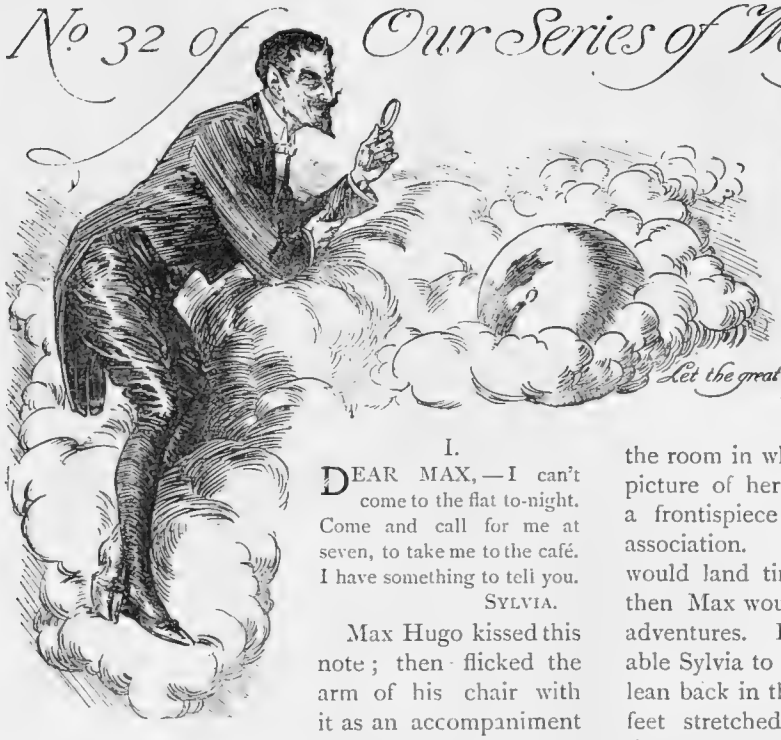
Photo *J. A. Hein*

HOLLAND FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A CANAL VIEW IN AMSTERDAM

Amsterdam, the "Venice of the North"—quite one of the most fascinating cities of Europe—is easy to reach from London. Leaving Liverpool Street by the 8.30 dining car, and taking the boat (*viâ* the Hook), Rotterdam is reached at breakfast-time, and Amsterdam an hour or so later, and the whole trip (first class return) costs but £2 15s.

No. 32 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Second Desertion

By NOEL JOCELYN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

I.

DEAR MAX,—I can't come to the flat to-night. Come and call for me at seven, to take me to the café. I have something to tell you.

SYLVIA.

Max Hugo kissed this note; then flicked the arm of his chair with it as an accompaniment to his meditations.

"It is now 5.30, and I suppose I can amuse myself for the next hour and a half in imagining all the possible facts, pleasant and unpleasant, which Sylvia dear may have to communicate. No, I'm afraid it's not pleasant, or she'd have warned me of it. It's a worry. I bet it's a worry. The first nuisance is that I have ordered a ripping little dinner here, and it's so much more cosy here than in the café."

Then he fell into one of his Sylvia reveries, as he called them.

The undercurrent of his *liaison*. Ah, no! not that beastly word—his association with Sylvia. Three months ago he had met the golden girl of his quest. They had looked into each other's eyes, and had vowed much, everything—but first of all, comradeship. That was the basis of everything. Friends first, lovers afterwards.

"I tell you that when you are with me, even London is beautiful," said Max, in one of his many rapturous outbursts. "I used to hate it, and being alone; but with you, why it's Paris."

"Or Heaven," she said.

Then he kissed her, and they both laughed for sheer delight in living. For three months they had been everywhere together and been everything to each other. Max, because he was an artist in temperament, had realised that life was full of interest and beauty, except for the man who is alone. Such a man has not the heart to explore.

When Sylvia, with her fascinating ways and her sense of humour, came to brighten his existence, she had revealed to him beauties of life which he had been too worried and disgusted to notice.

Max looked at a rather battered old cane-chair in the room in which Sylvia always sat. There was one picture of her which was so characteristic as to be a frontispiece of the little bound record of their association. After a wonderful expedition, they would land tired and happy at the flat, have tea, and then Max would give a humorous recital of the day's adventures. He would soon reduce the impressionable Sylvia to a helpless state of laughter. She would lean back in the chair, with her two little brown-shod feet stretched out on the fender, her slim arms hanging over the chair, her pretty head rather untidy from rolling, and she would gasp out, and running up the octave:

"O, Max, don't be such a fool! Don't—be—such—a—fo-o-ol!"

After a Sylvia reverie Max would shake himself, and then engage in some practical task. He put her note in his pocket, got out of the armchair, and walked round the room.

He looked at his desk, but a half-finished article made but a poor appeal.

"Rather sticky work, but it will just fill in the time," he muttered, going over to a brass bowl, and pulling out a number of dirty golf balls. These he examined minutely, and laid aside half a dozen. Not one of them had more than the barest suspicion of a cut. Then he went into the scullery, and from a cupboard extracted a dirty pair of wash-leather gloves, plentifully streaked with white, and a pot of golf paint. For the next half hour or so he was engaged in a form of reasonable economy, which appeals to a man whose favourite amusement has a way of running away with the shekels.

. . . . .

Père Boské looked up from *Le Petit Parisien* as they entered the café. He was a typical old *boulvardier* condemned for some reason to spend his declining years in London, so made a haunt of the one café which gave him a taste of his native Paris. Max had christened him Père Boské, because, at the hour when they were accustomed to meet, absinthe had been such a factor in painting the expression of merry devilment on his wicked old face.

"*Les amants*," murmured Père Boské, with relish.

Neither he nor Max had even the slightest

Another "Worldly" story next week

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acquaintance, but frequenters of a café get into the way of taking interest in the men they meet night after night. The old man used to weave stories of romance about Max and Sylvia. They were "the lovers," an ideal couple, bringing a strange welcome air of freshness into a place where the spirit of innocent fun was so often eclipsed by the spirit of mournful evil. The old man used to wonder why Max brought Sylvia into the place. He came to the conclusion—and hit the mark—that it was because neither the boy's friends nor the girl's would ever dream of entering the café. A Bohemian resort has its advantages for those who do not belong to Bohemia. He regarded *les amants* with a certain jealousy. It would have given him pain if Max had shaken hands with one of the usual crowd and introduced him to the girl. They brought back the memory of his young days as a student in Paris, when he had loved, with laughter on his lips and in his heart, just as they laughed, these two, who were so unlike the stolid English couples.

"M'selle has the air of tragedy," mused Père Boské, as he watched them approach the further end of the café. They took a seat in a corner. Boské, two tables away, was their nearest neighbour. But they had no eyes for anyone. Max gave an order to the waiter, and not before the drinks were brought and the waiter had moved away did they plunge into a discussion of the thing between them.

"Now then," said Max; his voice was strained and rather out of tune, as it were. He had gone to meet her at her rooms, and the first glance of her face had told him that something serious had occurred. Directly they were out in the street he looked at her.

"My husband is coming back," she said.

"Ye gods," he muttered; and hardly a word more passed between them until they were in the café.

"Now then," he commenced, "I should like a few more details."

"There is nothing much to tell," she said, in a voice barely above a whisper. "You know how he —he——"

"Deserted you!"

"Went away, Max, after the money smash three years ago, leaving me at home, or rather my father's house, with the child. I only heard from him once, an affectionate letter saying he was engaged in all kinds of schemes, and would make another fortune yet. None of my people seemed to believe much in him. I didn't know what to think. I was miserable enough in our married life, but I could never bring myself to believe that he would desert me and the child. I always thought he would return as unexpectedly as he went away."

She made a half movement towards the pocket of her skirt. "In this cable he says he has left Johannesburg and expects to be home in August. If only I could write and tell him; but he has given me no chance."

She looked up at him rather piteously, then lowered her eyes immediately.

"Sylvia, dearest," he said, "you know how fond of you I am. When we met, and became such great friends, neither of us had any thought of marriage." A slight grimace just flickered on his lips.

"I know it," she said. Her head was still bent.

"But you are mine a thousand times more than you were ever his."

"There is the child."

He frowned. "Let me go on, please. I am not going to let him take you away. I suppose he thinks he can go away and leave you, and come back to you, just when he likes. He'll find his mistake. There must be a divorce, and I will marry you."

She smiled faintly. It was a funny proposal.

"Thank you, Max," she said. "I knew you were not the other sort, but I can't bear to think of divorce and what it means to the child. It means he will be taken out of my custody."

A look of fright and hopelessness crept into her eyes.

"Oh, Max, this a terrible position. What is to be done? What *is* to be done?"

"I'm telling you what to do. It's all simple enough. Directly he lands in London you must go and tell him. I expect the brute will be only too glad to get out of it all in this way. He hasn't supported you and the child for years. If he has a scrap of decency he will let you bring the divorce. You know what his life has been."

"Yes, but it is so difficult to blame him, he is such a brilliant man, Max. I know I was not the wife for him. I liked to stay at home, and he was never happy unless he was travelling all over the world."

"Yes, you have told me all that."

"Do you think he has really behaved badly to me?"

He stared at her in amazement. "What are you driving at? I suppose you must be the type of woman who positively revels in being badly treated. You know very well he has been a brute, and yet I suppose you are hankering after him."

"He is my husband, and my duty is to him and to the child. You never knew him, Max. He is most awfully kind, really. If he will take me back and make a home for me and the child, I must go."

"You're in love with him. You've been in love with him all the time."

There was a long pause.

"I don't know, Max, really I don't. It's so hard to explain. I was not happy with him, and yet now that he is coming back I feel I must go to him."

"And what about me?"

"I can't bear to think of giving you up. That is my punishment for doing wrong."

"O, you'll get reconciled to that all right."

"Max, do be kind. It's all hard enough to bear without you being unkind."

"I'm sorry, little girl, but it makes me frantic to think of that blackguard being master of the situation. You have had your choice of a protector, one to whom you could fly for comfort, and you deliberately choose the man who has treated you worse. I only hope he proves worthy of this confidence you place in him. From his previous behaviour, I should hardly think he was the man to be relied upon. I think you have made a mistake. If you had thrown yourself upon me I would have stuck to you through thick and thin. But you use me as a kind of second string, all very well if blackguard No. 1 fails you."

She flushed, and replied quietly, "As a matter of

(*Continued on page 138*)

"White-handed Hope, Thou Hovering Angel"

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Tiny Bryce as "Hope"

A child actress, whose appearance in a set of tableaux, of which the above is an example, was one of the most pleasing features of Miss Italia Conti's recent Stafford House matinée

(Continued from page 136)

fact, I'm not thinking of either of you, I'm thinking of the child. I can't bear to think of being separated from my child. I should never have a moment's peace if the Court took away from me, as it would be sure to do, the custody of the child. And believe me, if my husband fails me, I won't be a burden on you. You offered to marry me, and I suppose you prided yourself upon doing the decent thing, as you'd call it. But you know you don't want to marry me. I know you're fond of me in a way, but you're afraid to marry till your prospects are better. You can get along by yourself, but you dread the prospect of being hampered with a wife."

He was silent a moment. Then he said, "I don't want you to suffer through me. I can't bear to think of that."

"I know you want to make amends, to do the straight thing; but the whole trouble is, Max, that you do not really love me. It was a terrible shock to me when I realised it, because I have known it some time. I found it out from quite little things. So there's nothing for me to do but wait till my husband returns."

"Always your husband. I am sick of hearing of him I believe you're glad he's coming back. Let's go."

"A quarrel," murmured Père Boské as they passed him, and he shook his head mournfully.

II.

An African moon—the great wizard—was casting a spell of beauty about the dreary track of country round Elandsfontein. It accentuated almost to majesty the lines of the plainly built and prominently situated railway station; it touched the metals to silver. From the station the dip into the town had a soft, mysterious look; dark blue was the prevailing colour, while houses and trees cast shadows of velvety blackness. Beyond the town the slopes were well wooded.

In a garden on this slope John Beauchamp paced up and down. His companion was a woman of twenty-three; with her left hand she held her light dress, her right, which hung straight down her side, was clasped in his left. For a while they strolled in silence, then Beauchamp spoke.

"This is our last evening, dearest, and I do want it to be a happy one. But it's no good. I've tried hard to avoid a subject which gives us such pain, and I can't. I wouldn't dwell upon it, but I do so want to say, dearest, just before we part, that whatever she decides, I shall never forget you and all you have been to me. It is strange that a man can treat two women so differently. I have been an utter brute to Sylvia. I started well enough, but the marriage was an utter mistake. Instead of making the best of it when I discovered we were so totally opposed in temperament, I weakly cast aside all responsibility. I left her at home with her parents, but it was desertion pure and simple. You changed my whole nature, and showed me what a coward I had been. I know what it has cost you to point out my duty. The step I am taking now parts us, and we might have been so happy. It is strange how a man is influenced either for good or for evil by a woman. If I had met you first my whole life would have been so different."

She smiled faintly. "Don't say that, I can't bear the thought of it. I want all my courage; it's going to be a hard tussle, but I shall win, I know I shall win. And then I shall have your letters; one letter every month. Jack, you will never realise one tenth of the joy those letters will bring me. One letter every month—always and always. If it wasn't for the letters I could never bear the parting. It can't be wrong for you to write to me. Even she, if she knew what I had done, would spare me this bit of you. Jack, you have promised me faithfully to write once a month, and I know you will keep your promise, but I want to hear you say it just again."

"I promise to write to you, dearest, once a month."

"And in case by any chance you missed the regular mail you will send a cable. I simply couldn't bear the suspense if your letter did not arrive."

"In case, yes; but I don't think you will get a cable." He turned quickly to her. "I'm going to say good-bye to you now."

"Now!" Her voice was sickly with disappointment. "But you must let me see you to-morrow, if only for a moment before you start. I promise to be brave; oh Jack, I promise."

"It's not you I'm afraid of, it's myself." He seized both her hands; she swayed and clung to him for a moment.

"Good-bye," he said thickly.

"Good-bye, take care of yourself," she whispered.

They turned back to the house. Passing the boy's quarters she called an order in Kaffir.

They went and stood on the slope till the boy brought round his horse. He was quickly mounted.

"Good-bye, Miss Vandeveld," he said.

"*Bon voyage*," she called gaily, and waved her hand. He set out at a light canter on his seven-mile ride to Johannesburg.

III.

The little village of Westdean was filled with people who shook their heads and said they never did. For three years the affair of the Squire's eldest daughter had taken precedence over all local scandals. They had not taken kindly to Beauchamp when he came among them as the future husband of Miss Sylvia. When Mrs. Beauchamp came home with a wonderful story of her husband's appointment as a mining engineer on the Rand, Westdean shook its head and said it "liked the way the leddy took her troubles, but that it knew a scamp, however clever he med be, and it also knew desertion when thrust under its nose."

They certainly never expected to see that Beauchamp chap again. This was the kind of talk which had caused Mrs. Beauchamp to fly from home and work for her living in London.

Westdean rather resented the fact of Beauchamp's return. They only hoped he would have the decency to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. Miss Sylvia always had been and always would be a sight too good for him. Any other woman would have got a divorce. Westdean, although it knew of no woman mixed up in the case, was quite certain that Beauchamp had gone to join some foreign hussy.

All Westdean was at the flower show. It was

(Continued on page 140)

The Theatrical Fête at the "Botanical"

ORIGINAL RÔLES FILLED BY ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY

Photo] **Miss Gertie Millar having her fortune told** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The theatrical world journeyed *en masse* to its annual garden-party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund at the Botanical Gardens the other day, and everyone worked and played very hard "in the cause of charity"

Photo] **Miss Doris Stocker and Miss Nina Sevening selling photographs** [*Bassano*

There were hat-dressing competitions for actors, fortune telling, cricket (Ladies v. Gentlemen), blood-curdling transpontine melo-drama, cocoa-nut shies, and photograph selling, all the rôles being taken by well-known actors and actresses

(Continued from page 138)

an annual event which never failed to draw a good attendance of villagers, but this year even the stragglers were brought up to the scratch by a fresh attraction in the show. That very morning Mrs. Beauchamp had gone to meet her husband at Southampton, and it was rumoured that they would return straight to Westdean. Would Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp put in an appearance at the show?

Many were willing to risk the show on the off chance of seeing the man who had been the subject of so much gossip and conjecture.

His sudden return was still a mystery. Some favoured the story that Beauchamp had made a lot of money, and meant to settle down at Westdean. Others scouted this yarn, and said he was merely over here on a visit of a few months. But Westdean waited to see them together, and interest in the exhibits was perfunctory until the couple appeared.

Among the strangers at the show was a young man, whom the villagers thought "looked Lunnon." They were right. It was Max. He mingled with the crowd, and made the tour of the tents, in order to attract as little attention as possible, but his mind was in a turmoil.

He wanted just five minutes' talk with Sylvia, in order to tell her what had been revealed to him by the event which had separated him from her. He wanted to tell her that he could not live without her. He had lived over that scene in the restaurant twenty times a day. Fool that he was not to have seized his chance while it lay in his grasp. He realised that Sylvia had weighed him, and found him wanting. He had been an unutterable coward to have been influenced by money considerations, and the fear of marriage.

He had been blind to his real devotion to Sylvia. Since she had gone he had writhed in agonies of remorse for his cowardice and jealousy at the thought of Beauchamp coming back to claim his Sylvia.

He turned sick at the thought of Sylvia in Beauchamp's arms. He had never experienced the feeling before. Sylvia had been so unquestionably his, that even when she talked of other men he had never felt the slightest annoyance. But now she was to be taken away. When he followed this train of thought at night in his flat he used to shut his eyes and groan. The first feeling upon the revelation of his great love for her had been one of fierce exaltation. He gloried in the difficulties which kept them apart. Here was something to work for. Then he rushed round to tell Sylvia. He would hold her very tightly and whisper the great secret to her. Then he would humbly ask her to forgive him for having failed her even for a moment of time. He would make up for it by a life's devotion.

He had hurried round to her rooms. She was gone, and had left no address.

This was poetic justice, indeed. He laughed bitterly. He was beginning to pay for his great betrayal. Then began the search, if by search is meant a distracted wandering round the district of theatres and restaurants. Every figure, every dress which recalled Sylvia gave him a momentary joy, which was heavily paid for by the aftermath of cruel disappointment.

Finally, he played his last card. He had written a long letter telling his love, and had addressed it to her home. She had not answered. He did not even know the exact date of Beauchamp's return. So he went down to Westdean. It was the opening day of the flower show, and an off-hand inquiry had given him the situation. Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp would most likely be present late in the afternoon, upon their return from Southampton.

. . . . . .

They met in the rose tent. The message in Sylvia's eyes made him turn slightly pale. He waited while her party slowly made its way round.

"How do you do?" said Sylvia. "I didn't know flower shows were much in your line. You must pay the penalty for meeting me. I'm going to carry you off to tell me the news."

The party moved on. Max and Sylvia left the tent and strolled across the open, away from the crowd.

"I can give you about ten minutes," said Sylvia. "I know why you are here. It was dear and sweet of you. You shall be rewarded. Max! I want to scream. I'm going to drop my glove; when you pick it up and give it to me, take my hand and crush it. You understand?"

"Now, that's better, and I can tell you the story in a few words. I was so miserable when I sent you away. I left the rooms. I wondered if you would try and find me; then your letter came. You will never know the joy it gave me. I shook with the temptation to return to you, but fought against it. I would give my husband the last chance. I told him everything in the train. He seemed stunned by the news. 'You, Sylvia, you!' he said, and sat with his head in his hands. Then he told me his story. Max! he loves a girl in Africa, and she sent him over to me because it was his duty. I tell you I shall never ever think evil of a woman again. If I never kiss that woman I shall feel that I have missed one of the sweet moments of life."

"We're none of us saints," said Jack, "but there's no reason why the four of us shouldn't find a little happiness in our new lives."

"'I think she is an angel,' I said. Then he asked about you. I showed him your letter. 'That's a decent chap,' he said, 'must be young, or he would never have doubted his love for you. The thought of marriage has proved too much for many a lover,' he laughed. We settled everything; I am to have the child."

"I'm glad, Sylvia—so glad. Tell me what you have arranged," he asked, after a pause.

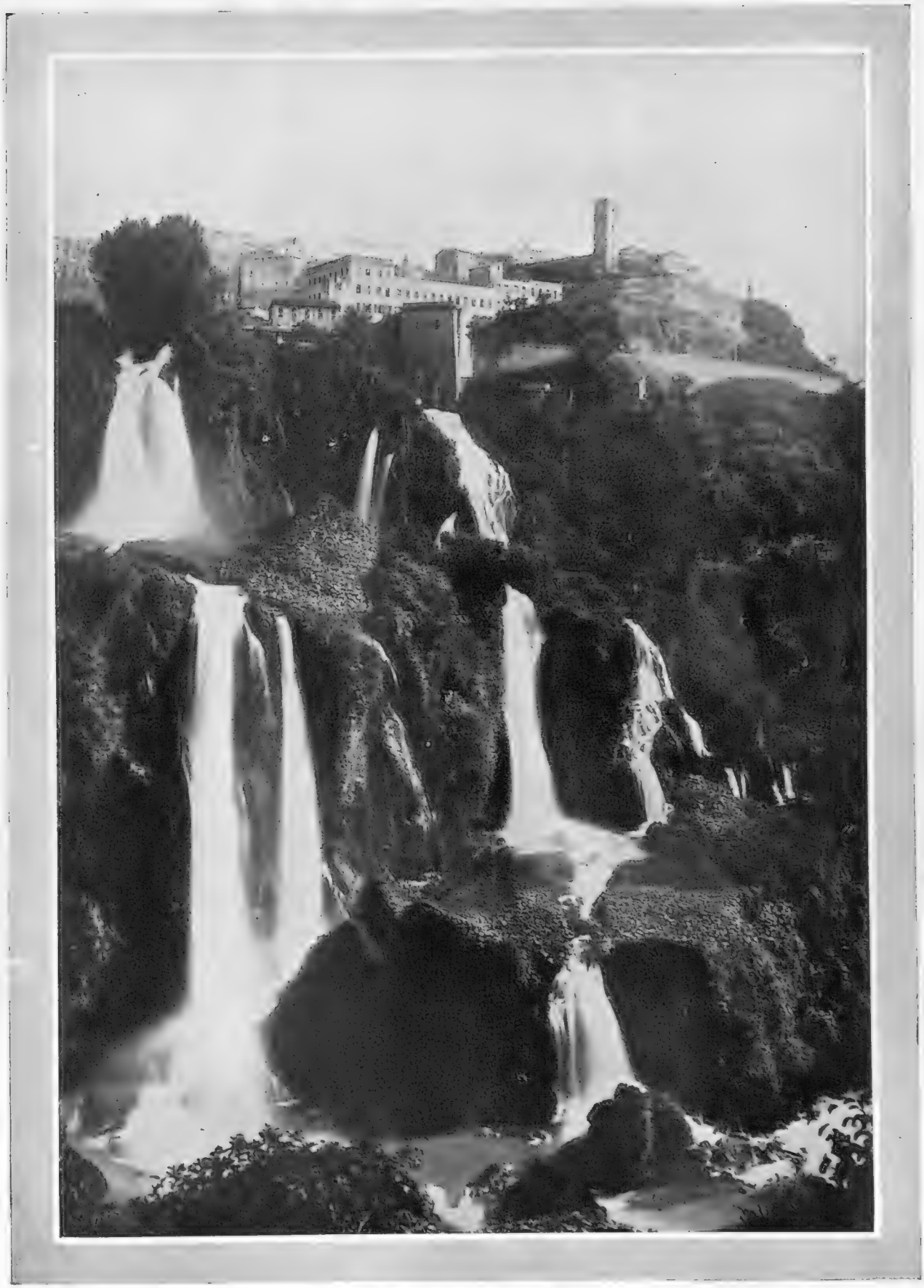
"It's quite simple; we stay here for a while, for the sake of appearances, as friends, you understand. Then my husband does what most of the people here are saying in their hearts he will do. He is going to desert me again, this time for good."

"I hope he will be happy," said Max. "I feel in love with the world. It's quite a serious responsibility. You see what you have done for me." He laughed, but his voice was very tender.

"Dear boy, I feel rather grave too. You see," and she laughed, an echo of his own, "you are in love with the world, and it makes you feel responsible. I feel just as responsible. I am in love with you."

Noel Jocelyn.

A Relic of Departed Glory



Photo] **The Villa of Hadrian at Tivoli** [*Underwood and Underwood*

For nearly four hundred years Hadrian's Villa was regarded as an archæological gold mine, and what remains at the present day is little more than the shell of the original palace. The waterfalls at Tivoli are probably the finest in Italy, and, apart from its historical associations, the spot is one of the most attractive in the country, and is not missed by even the most casual of people "doing" Rome and Italy

Is Cricket's Popularity Endangered?

A REPLY TO PESSIMISTS: By E. H. D. SEWELL

Opinion is unanimous this season that first-class cricket has been more than usually interesting in a year when there is no Australian team with us. Hayward and Hirst have riveted the attention of the public in an extraordinary degree, catching and fielding generally has not afforded quite so much food for disgust, and bowlers have frequently asserted themselves in no uncertain fashion. Now, there must be some very good reason for this happy change in the affairs of a game about which so many pessimistic utterances have of late years been made, and I believe I am not very wide of the mark in ascribing many of these good things to that suggestion from the headquarters of the game, which was made a few year ago, to the effect that "preparation" should not be used in the getting ready of wickets in first-class cricket.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Hayward (Surrey)

The bright particular star of the year's cricket firmament, whose batting alone has done much to save the game from the taint of dulness

The "Prepared" Wicket

The use of that mixture, in which marl was the chief ingredient, made wickets last the greater part of the three days, and, in some cases, they were as good at the end of the three days as at the start. Gradually, however, wickets have been giving the bowler more help, so that runs are not so easy to obtain now as they were three or four years ago. Indeed, the bowling averages and the aggregates of the matches during the first half of the season, which has not been particularly remarkable for caked or sticky wickets, prove this.

An Athletic Age

Which fact brings me to the oft-debated question of the popularity of cricket, and whether the game possesses a rival. I am well aware that many men of experience in the matter, therefore well qualified to express an opinion, hold that lawn tennis and golf are ousting cricket, both as a spectacle and as a game, for the classes. When considering the question from the point of view of the classes, there are several things that must not be lost sight of before cricket is condemned as an unpopular game. In the first place, in this era of athleticism, more and more people, especially ladies, play games every year. There are more lady golfers and lawn-tennis players now than ever, and it would be shirking the point if one omitted to say that the more ladies play these games the more men will also play them. All new players, as they improve, attract their own circle of relations and friends whenever they play in public competition, and this fact alone brings bigger attendances, quite apart from the general increase in interest.

Unattractive Club Cricket

Then, the charms of motoring attract many people who would otherwise play club cricket. On this particular point—club cricket—I quite agree with those who urge that it is losing its attractions owing to the selfishness of some people in flannels who pose as cricketers, or to the bad captaincy which, apparently, has only sufficient intelligence to write out one "order of going in," and to adhere to it from May to September. Numbers six to eleven seldom get an innings, and if when one to five fail, they, six to eleven, also fail—through want of match practice—all they hear is that "our tail did not rise to the occasion!" Sporting innings, forsooth; there is really nothing in games quite so unsportsmanlike as flogging a horse when past the post, and the sooner club captains systematically howl down the slogging of unnecessary runs the better

An Assured Position

Whether lawn tennis or golf, or both, will oust cricket as spectacular games is a proposition I have been asked to reply to. The answer is, "Never, so long as cricket is played as it has been this season." The crowds at Wimbledon this year, when thousands were turned away, only proves that the accommodation was inadequate. At the same time, the crowds at Lord's for the 'Varsity match, in spite of the tremendous counter-attractions of Henley—the river,

Cricketers of the Year

Hirst (Yorkshire)

Who, next to Hayward, is the most striking figure of the present season. His averages for bowling and batting are 14·35 and 40·96 respectively

Fielder (Kent)

A player, originally a farm hand, who broke the record by taking all ten wickets in the first innings of the Gentlemen *v.* Players' Match

on a sweltering day, compared with Lord's!—and Wimbledon, conclusively prove that cricket has not really lost any of its attractions, in spite of the utterances of busybodies who pretend they know the behind the scenes of the game. Happily, a discriminating public knows which writer to take seriously, and which *cum grano*; otherwise the game might suffer unjustly. Of course, there are fashionable and unfashionable teams, and more will go to see Yorkshire than Derbyshire or Warwickshire play a match, but the returns of the first half of this "season's workings" of nearly all the counties must have broken the records of non-Australian years for a long time past. This does not point to lawn tennis or golf ousting cricket, and so long as the Public Schools and 'Varsities can play such elevens at Lord's as they did this year, so long shall we be spared the pain of listening to the death-knell of amateur cricket, of which some of the prophets have lately been ranting.

E. H. D. Sewell

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Hutchings (Kent)

Another player who has recently come to the fore. He has made several centuries for his county this summer

Woolley (Kent)

A new bowler, who, though only nineteen, has already proved himself a great acquisition to Kent

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

FICTION

"Coniston." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Ha'penny Millionaire." By George Sunbury. (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Mr. and Mr. Villiers." By Hubert Wales. (Long: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Memoirs of My Dead Life." By George Moore. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"Motoritis." By C. Crombie. (Simpkin, Marshall: 5*s.*)

"British Flowering Plants." By W. F. Kirby, F.L.S., F.E.S. (Appleton: 5*s.*)

Literature's Kind Aunts

An expression of regret at the recent decease of Miss Adeline Sergeant should be accompanied by a mention of the fact that her latest novel, *The Coming of the Randolphs*, has been just issued by Messrs Methuen. The story is of the kind with which the late author has familiarised us—a domestic romance of the Victorian *genus*, of which she, like Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, and Miss Evelyn Everett Green, produced so many examples. One may not rank this species of feminine talent very high. The issue of novel after novel of mild domestic life, in which more or less the same types of people are reproduced in more or less similar situations to infinity, does not result from any special literary impulse. The late Miss Proctor was just one of those kindly aunts of literature whose appearance with a new novel every now and again is expected by her little nephews and nieces (nieces, chiefly) just as other, and lesser, aunts are looked for regularly with their sweets and oranges. The loss of one of them is to be deplored; but, fortunately, there will always be another to take the vacant place. Literature will never be without these, its kind aunts, who fill pages of Mudie's catalogues with the homely titles of their works, and though the modern literary aunt waxes a little naughty, perhaps, and draws for her supply of sins more on the Seventh Commandment than did her Victorian predecessor, who was content with the mere sixth and eighth, she is just the same at heart, and writes from the same kindly, generous motive—to beguile the leisure of her little nieces, even if she does, at the same time, throw in a wink at her grown-up sisters and sisters-in-law.

Photo *Russell and Sons*

The late Miss Adeline Sergeant

A genial and prolific novelist, whose last work has just been published

* * *

Tales Told in Gath—for Philistines

Of Mr. George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (Heinemann: 6*s.*) I am tempted first to exclaim, "Oh, that mine adversary had written this book." For if Mr. Moore honours any critic by standing in that relationship to him, assuredly he hath delivered himself into his hands. He has told it in Gath, and allowed the Philistines to rejoice, for he has revealed himself, by name, as having enjoyed the practice of love with a liberty that verges on licence; as one whose *amours* were both numerous and enterprising; and he has revealed, in life-like and delightful guise, the identities of those with whom he has flirted. It is plain "I, George Moore," who tells you of this flirtation with Marie; of that *liaison* with Doris; and the other little affair with Mildred; who reveals to you the intimate boudoir confidences which took place between himself and those ladies (no matter whether they were otherwise affixed) twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Moore was, as he frankly admits, susceptible and generously affectionate to the last point. His candour is noble. For, obviously, there are many, many people who will hurl at him the charge of "telling tales out of school"; people who will say that Mr. Moore had no business to dance in this triumphant way over the graves of his dead loves. But of the morals of the proceeding, Mr. Moore is the judge. From the point of view of literature, the reminiscences make up one of the subtlest and most exquisitely phrased examples of prose the author has given us. The marvel is that, first, the thing could have been written in English at all, and second, that it can be read in English without that inevitable blush which suffuses the coarsest of British countenances when scanning such intimacies in the vulgar mother tongue. For it is not the subject-matter, ever, that shocks so much as the fact that our language is too ill-adapted to express the subtler side of certain subjects without verging on coarseness. Mr. Moore can play with his theme, can throw on it countless verbal lights and shades, and yet never once does he jar on the broad-minded reader as "improper," as so many another author would have done had he been foolish enough to attempt the same task. I greatly regret inability here to include a portrait of Mr. Moore, but he tells me he cannot abide modern photography, and that the old photography of the 'sixties, the only one for which he had any sympathy, is extinct.

A Book by the Other "Winston"

The gravitation of American novelists towards the political arena is quite one of the signs of the Transatlantic times. I should not be in the least surprised to hear that "The Jungle's" success had got its author accepted for the Socialist ticket at the next Presidential election, but, in the meantime, it is interesting to note that, as a result of *Coniston*, Mr. Winston Churchill (the other one, of "Richard Carvell" and "Crisis" renown) has been nominated by the Republicans for the Governorship of New Hampshire. *Coniston*, which is just published here by Messrs. Macmillan, is a story which deals with the political life of the New England State before the railroad crossed it. Here we see political "bossdom" in its cradle. In the personality of old Jethro Bass is well displayed that type peculiar to America—the illiterate, hopelessly untutored man who scarcely speaks more than one or two stock phrases throughout the book, but who is, nevertheless, possessed of the Napoleonic gift of acquiring power and influence. Incidentally, the softer side to Jethro's character, in his love, first for Cynthia Ware, who disappoints him for another, and later for her little daughter, is revealed, and we are also given some delightful glimpses of New England country-town life and character in the pre-hustle, pre-Trust, and pre-"Jungle" days. Mr. Churchill has all that worship of his native land, and its deeper and more abiding characteristics, which is so in evidence in latter-day American literature and art. This is one of the most grateful signs of the times over the water—the development of a more contemplative style, and a greater dignity of diction, which, if it continues as it is beginning, will do much to redeem America in the eyes of a world rather disillusioned by some recent revelations.

* * *

Photo *Underwood and Underwood*

Mr. Upton Sinclair on horseback

The author of "The Jungle" is a lover of horseflesh, though, as his book proves, he prefers to enjoy it externally rather than internally, in the guise of Chicago potted chicken

Mr. Crosland's Latest

It is possible to carry a good joke too far, and Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's latest effort, *The Country Life* (Greening: 2*s.* 6*d.*), is a sad case in point. Mr. Crosland gained his reputation as a humorist by his violent and plucky attacks on such inevitable works of Nature as Scotsmen and "Lovely Woman." So long as he confined his Quixotism to such windmills, nobody, save the very stupid, cared a groat. His arguments, in the case of the Scotsman and of the "Lovely Woman," had just enough sense to secure their author a serious reading, and just enough nonsense to save him from too serious reading, and, therefore, from being regarded as offensive. Latterly, however, he has taken less secure ground. With "The Suburbans" he got into touch with tangible persons, and wounded real susceptibilities. There was nothing either serious or funny in proving that every man who elects to live outside a half-mile radius of the Strand is an imbecile, and every outlying district of a town an uninhabitable purgatory. But with "The Suburbans" he had just enough material for gibes at "Suburbanism" in taste, manner, speech, etc., etc., to save him from being quite un-funny. In *The Country Life* he fails as completely as would-be wit ever failed. There is not the logical basis for attack in this case that there has been in his previous outbursts, for, let Mr. Crosland sneer at country cottages and the awkwardnesses of village life, and yokels, and tradesmen, and policemen, and let him sneer at the "halfpenny toss-pot fellows" who write gushing nonsense about the hedges and ditches, to his heart's content, nothing that he can say can injure the country, or cast ridicule on those who seek it and enjoy it, be its inconveniences those of the inferno itself. If one were to accept Crosland on the country as one has, in a way, accepted Crosland on the suburbs, then one is forced to conclude that the only place fit for human residence is the centre of London, and if there were any locality deserving of Crosland invective of the most violent brand, it surely were that petrol-tainted, noisy, dusty, drab, and degraded district. I know Mr. Crosland does not expect to be taken seriously, but, really, *The Country Life* is so free from any possible suspicion of humour that there is no other criterion. If he would, now that he has shelled all his enemies who are worth shelling into the middle of next week, take to writing seriously, I for one should be delighted beyond measure, for it is a pity a critic of his power and originality should waste his time in the futile and ungrateful task of preparing and packing for human consumption jokes so wizened and wan that they should never have been passed into his stockyard.

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Some Marsh Stories

Whatever may be said about some of Mr. Richard Marsh's recent novels, and their excess of melodrama, a volume of his short stories is on quite a different plane. *Under One Flag* (John Long), like many a previous volume, contains some real gems of short stories, of a kind in which the author excels—stories which show a humour and a pointed knowledge of human nature. On a holiday, a volume of Marsh stories serves to while away those tedious intervals between breakfast, and bathe, and lunch, and tennis, and tea, and dinner, and the rest of the necessary items on the usual yearly programme, as well as anything I know.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

LAWN TENNIS SEEN THROUGH A GOLFER'S GLASSES

Golf v. Tennis

The reawakened interest in first-class lawn tennis which led me to Queen's Club and Wimbledon last year, has caused me once more to be a fascinated spectator of the recent Championship competitions on the beautiful courts of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club. I, naturally, do not intend to intrude upon ground which is sacred to my colleague, Mr. Scrivener, but there are points about lawn tennis as a game which are common to golf, and others in which the former is strangely distinct from the latter, and these points seem to me to be of sufficient interest to warrant a departure from my own strict golfing province.

The Crowds at Both Championships

Both games appeal to an immense following of devotees, not only from an active playing point of view, but also from a purely passive watching one. Having just returned from attendance at both golf Championships, and having seen the great crowds who came to watch the proceedings at Hoylake and Muirfield, I was interested to see the intense anxiety of a huge concourse of people who flocked to Wimbledon in the hopes of gaining a seat for the two great final days of the lawn-tennis Championships. Let me pause for a moment to express my admiration for the consummate way in which the authorities at Wimbledon contrive to squeeze a quart measure into a pint pot. The extent of ground at the disposal of the club is limited, and the difficult question for the Committee is how to make sufficient room in the stands round the centre court without encroaching too much on the playing space of the other courts. In a word, the lawn-tennis authorities are confronted with much the same problem as the golf authorities, and both problems arise out of the extraordinary popularity of the two games. In the realm of golf it is the numbers of competitors who constitute the difficulty; in lawn tennis, the rush of spectators is the alarming crux.

The American Fillip

The increased interest in lawn tennis is in great part due to the visits of the American and Australian teams last year, the members of which imparted a good many novel elements into the game, the good points of which our players were quick to appreciate and to adopt. Just as the meteoric incursion into our golfing world of the redoubtable Travis shook our players up and made them take serious stock of themselves, so acted the arrival of Brookes, Holcombe Ward, Beals Wright, and Larned. Unlike Travis, however, they captured no champion trophies, yet left behind them a distinct mark upon the game, and added not only to the popularity, but to the variety of the game. To my inexperienced eye, it seemed perfectly plain that the game had made an advance since last year, and that the player who had absorbed the American and Australian methods to the greatest extent and advantage was Riseley, who, although he fell before the Vardon of tennis, the younger Doherty, proved irresistible in the Doubles, which he practically won off his own racket. Tennis and golf are allied to this extent, that both are admirable games to play and to watch, both can be played with great severity by the young, and with great pleasure, if less severity, by those of maturer years.

A Point of Difference

There is one point, and one point only, so far as I can judge, in which lawn tennis differs from golf and every other game that is played. It has no professional class. There are one or two professionals attached to the various great clubs, but they are so few, and their game is so much below that of the best amateurs, that they practically do not count as a class. Take cricket, golf, tennis, racquets, football, athletics, billiards—in all these there is a very numerous and, from a playing point of view, distinctly superior class of professionals. But lawn tennis has the great distinction of having been and remained from its inception a purely amateur game. Why this should be so I cannot say. Perhaps Mr. Scrivener will enlighten us on the point. However that may be, of this there is no doubt, that both golf and lawn tennis are appealing each year to a wider public, and that both games are threatened with the same difficulty, that of being overwhelmed by their popularity.

London Amateur Foursome Trophy

I have just space to revert to a purely golfing topic. The Woking, Byfleet, and Sunningdale Golf Clubs have combined to present a cup for annual competition in the Spring by amateurs representing clubs within a radius of thirty-five miles from Charing Cross. The rules governing the competition are clear, precise, and admirable. The foursome is, indeed, coming by its own again. I need not say how warmly I welcome this new competition, which does great honour to the three great clubs which have instituted it. Match play and foursome match play are, as the Scotch say, the "hecht" of the game, and I have no doubt the London Amateur foursome competition will do a world of good and prove a great and lasting success. ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

After Henley

It is a great pity that the tideway regatta is not better supported. It can never attract very many spectators, because the fact that some of the races are rowed up, and others down, renders it impossible to see all the finishes, except from the steamers, or by walking from Hammersmith to Putney in the course of the afternoon; but this is no reason why the best of the post-Henley regattas should not attract more competitors. Nine eights, seven fours, and seven scullers are a very poor entry for eight events, and these came almost entirely from the tideway clubs. Of course, the up-river crews are at a certain disadvantage in the deep and often rough water of Putney Reach, and no one can possibly steer a correct course there by the light of nature; yet Kingston, Twickenham, Molesey, etc., have had their share of successes at the Metropolitan in former years, and Thames *v.* London in the senior races, and the same *plus* Vesta and Anglian in the others, palls after a time. The sport at last week's meeting was much better than the entries. The only very close finish was in the Metropolitan Cup for junior eights, when London beat Vesta by four feet, but a win by a length between Putney and Hammersmith means as good a race as one by half a length at most other places, and, except in the sculling races, there were no processions. Captain Darell beat Ashe and Miltiades Manno very easily in the London Cup. If he can only get enough practice, he may possibly some day imitate C. V. Fox in winning the Wingfields for the Household Brigade. Walton, which preceded the Metropolitan, is one of the most pleasant of all regattas. It would be indiscreet to inquire how many of the pleasure boats that crowd the river, and sometimes interfere with the competitors, have come to see the races, and how many for mere picnicking; but this year they managed to keep out of the way, and no doubt their occupants enjoyed themselves just as much. As a rule, at the regatta held at the end of Henley week, the garden-party element predominates, and the racing is not to be taken too seriously, but there was plenty of it, and the finish between the Vikings and London in the final of the Senior Fours made up for all deficiencies in the other events.

N. A. Knox

Who bowled splendidly for the Amateurs in last week's Gentlemen *v.* Players' match, taking seven wickets for 110 runs

R. H. Spooner

Whose fine innings of 114 for the Gentlemen in last week's match did much to secure the victory for his side, which made 488 against the Players' 443 in a fine match

Gentlemen v. Players

The question of the hour seems to be: What would have happened if Hayward had not been run out? Though this admits of no definite answer, there was certainly no apparent reason why he should ever have got out at all. Hayes was in a difficult position. If he had had time to think the situation over, he would possibly have sacrificed his own wicket, but he was entirely within his rights in doing as he did, and had to act on the spur of the moment. Probably, none of us will live to see a repetition of Fielder's performance, which required extraordinary luck as well as phenomenal skill. His success, and that of Knox and Brearley, has

made some people talk as if slows were out of date and matches were only to be won by fast bowling. One used to hear much the same thing in the days of Spofforth and of Richardson, but the slow, not to mention the lob and the googly, has, nevertheless, gone on winning its share of matches, and will, doubtless, continue to do so.

The 95 that Took Some Making

Eton *v.* Harrow quite eclipsed Oxford *v.* Cambridge in point of interest, for it provided—what the bigger match lacked—a good sporting finish, after Harrow had appeared at one time to be, colloquially speaking, in the cart. With eight wickets down in their second innings, they were only 21 runs on when Griffin joined Falcon, and the pair between them put on 62 more in a little over half an hour. Griffin's innings was a particularly good one, for he settled down at once and hit up his 40 very rapidly. Still, even this fine stand only left Eton 95 to get to win, and there seemed no doubt about the issue; but with three wickets down for 7, they were in quite a tight place. Pearson Gregory, fortunately, kept his head, and his 45, though a bit lucky, was a distinct achievement under the circumstances. When he left, Harrow still appeared to have a chance, but Brandt missed Naylor at the wicket, and he and H. S. Hatfeild hit off the runs. But for this one slip Brandt kept wicket beautifully; in fact, the wicket-keeping on both sides was excellent, and would have been worth going many miles to see, even if the match itself had been uneventful. Of the two keepers, Brandt was perhaps the more highly tried. In bowling, Eton had a distinct advantage. Bird was the only really good bowler on the Harrow side, though Eiloart came out strong at the end. But for Harrow, both Hatfeild and Sprot were good all through, particularly in Harrow's second innings. In the matter of batting, there was very little "tail" on either side. All the men knew how to bat, even though they did not all manage to make a lot. Altogether, it was a fine match, and a memorable one; and in our enthusiasm at the finish, most of us utterly forgot the dreariness of the first afternoon.

Lawn Tennis: Gipsy Luck

The luck of some lawn-tennis tournaments in the matter of weather, as compared with others, is proverbial. Last week was "gipsy week," and, therefore, it was bound to be fine—at the Gipsy Club Ground. And behold! it was so. All through the week play was only interrupted thrice by slight showers, and yet elsewhere there was any amount of rain. At Epsom there was a heavy thunder-shower on Thursday, and on Friday, at the Welsh Championship meeting, not a single ball was served all day. The Gipsy Tournament, by the way, was quite a big show, with Gore, Barrett, Ritchie, Flavelle, Miss Morton, Miss Lane, Miss Tulloch, and other celebrities, to give the necessary leaven to a huge entry. The courts, as usual, played well, in spite of the presence, in force, of the steel-point fiend.

The Kingston Regatta: Scene on the river

The spectators displayed more than the usual excitement at the racing than obtains at larger regattas, as will be seen above, where they are witnessing the second heat of the Junior-Senior Eights (in which Twickenham beat Kingston) with keen interest

RACING NOTIONS: By "CARBINE"

THE ETIQUETTE OF OBJECTIONS

The Objection to Black Arrow

Surely it was highly indiscreet and distinctly unreasonable on the part of one of our leading writers on racing to suggest that Mr. Bass was unsportsmanlike in objecting to Black Arrow at Lingfield Park on Friday. A man who conscientiously believes that his horse was so grossly interfered with during a race as to prevent him from winning, is clearly entitled to refer the matter to the Stewards. The race in question was worth £2,425 to the winner, but the mere question of money was not likely primarily to have influenced Mr. Bass. The owner of racehorses has not only himself to consider in these cases. He has to think of his friends and the general public who have backed his horse, and he would be wanting in fairness to them if he did not see the affair through to the finish, and endeavour to secure the race for his horse if he reckoned him to be legitimately entitled to it.

A Ridiculous Theory

In the abstract, the majority of us dislike objections in racing, but "fair play is a jewel" all the time, and what is far worse than an objection is the fact of the better horse being deprived of a race unjustly, either by bumping or boring or foul riding of the winner. The rules of racing are specially framed to deal with these cases, and I have no sympathy with those who put forward the ridiculous theory that the owner of the second should never object, because, forsooth, "it is not sporting." Some people have strange ideas as to what is, and what is not, sporting, and in expressing them are not always free from ulterior motives. It was, perhaps, the novel character of Mr. Bass's protest which aroused the seeming indignation of the self-appointed arbiters of Turf etiquette. The owner of Sancy objected to Black Arrow on the ground that "the start was not from a 'stand,' and by jumping across Sancy, Mr. Hall Walker's colt prevented the latter from getting away on terms with his horses." All this, unquestionably, did happen. But the Stewards considered that there was not sufficient reason for disqualifying Black Arrow, and overruled the objection. That they deemed the protest neither frivolous nor vexatious, they showed by ordering the return of the £5 deposit money.

Photo *Rouch*

Black Arrow, the winner of the Park Plate at Lingfield

By remarkable good fortune, Mr. Hall Walker (the owner) also won the Great Foal Plate with his two-year-old colt, Polar Star

Mr. Hall Walker's Good Luck

Although Black Arrow, after behaving atrociously at the start, got first away—as these rogues almost invariably do—it is only fair to mention that full use was not made of the advantage. At one stage of the race Black Arrow had come back to fourth place, and Sancy might then have overhauled him had he been capable of the effort. It is sad to see so brilliant an animal cursed with such a sour disposition. However, he keeps on winning races, and Mr. Hall Walker's good luck continues. He headed the list of winning owners last season, and will not be far away from the top this year. Following Black Arrow's substantial win, his unbeaten two-year-old colt, Polar Star, credited him with another valuable race, the Great Foal Plate, at Lingfield, on Saturday.

Sandown Park and its Fight with the Owners

Quietly, but with determination on either side not to give way, the struggle continues between the owners and certain racecourses which enforce stabling charges. Never have prospects for an Eclipse meeting been less promising than for that which is to be held on Friday and Saturday. Sandown Park is unfortunate in being made the scapegoat of the owners' campaign, and it remains to be seen whether the great popularity of the meeting is sufficient to carry it successfully through the crisis.

The Eclipse Stakes

On top of all this, we have the knowledge that the Eclipse Stakes, which sometimes has proved the greatest race of the year, will be below average interest this season. The field is certainly deficient in class. For this reason I think that **Lally**, who does not really stay a mile and a quarter, will be good enough to pull through on this occasion, and second and third places may be filled by Llangibby and Gorgos. For the National Breeders' Foal Stakes on Saturday, I select **Traquair**. At Newmarket on Wednesday, I fancy **Paddington** for the Zetland Plate and **Nirvanah** for the July Handicap. **Marliacea** has an excellent chance for the Summer Handicap on Thursday.

The Peterborough Hound Show.

There was a slight falling off in the number of entries for the above annual show at Peterborough last week, there being only 17 packs in competition as against 21 of last year, and only 74½ couples against 80. The Warwickshire pack took the honours in couples, and our first photograph shows the winners in Class III. Wizard, who is among them, is a beautiful animal, and took Lord Portman's silver cup for the best dog-hound in any of the classes. Mr. Fitzwilliam's Sanguine, who is shown in photograph three, was adjudged the best bitch-hound and took the champion cup. The judges were Messrs. Gerald Hardy and Charles McNeill. Mr. Fernie's hounds were, after the Warwickshire, perhaps, the most successful as prize-winners.

[illegible]

1st PRIZE

"Wizard" [Warwickshire]
Champion dog hound.

"Sanguine" [Mr C. W. Fitzwilliams]
Champion bitch hound.

[illegible]

Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Defence, Not Defiance

Although little more than twelve months old, the Automobile Association now numbers over twelve hundred members, among whom are some of the most enthusiastic and progressive motorists in Britain. The avowed objects of the A.A., as it is familiarly termed, are the creation of a better understanding and more cordial relations between all users of the public roads, the repression of furious and inconsiderate driving, and the protection of automobilists from unjust persecution. These admirable aims are furthered by a well-organised corps of cyclist patrol scouts, recognisable by the yellow badge of the Association worn on the left arm, and it is the duty of these scouts to warn all motorists of lurking police-traps, to indicate, by the exhibition of a red disc, any undue excess of speed, and by the showing of a white medallion to inform the law-abiding driver that he may continue his journey in security and peace. Beginning with half a score of cyclists on the Brighton road, the A.A. has since extended its ramification to many of the main Southern highways, and, with increasing membership, will extend its system as far as its financial resources will allow. In Col. W. J. Bosworth, the A.A. has a Chairman to whose enthusiasm much of its rapid rise in public estimation must be attributed. Sir Archibald MacDonald, Bart., Vice-Chairman, has also been untiring in his efforts to increase the scope and usefulness of the Association work. There is a very energetic and practical Committee, which includes such well-known automobilists as Earl Russell, Lieut.-Col. Mark Mayhew, Mr. Selwyn F. Edge, Mr. D'Arcy Baker, Mr. Charles Cordingley, Mr. Walter Gibbons, and Mr. Charles Jarrott. Mr. Stenson Cooke, the very able Secretary of the A.A., has offices at 18, Fleet Street, London, and is at all times pleased to impart any information within his ken to inquiring motorists. On July 8, some score of members met at Cedar Court, Roehampton, the residence of Colonel Bosworth, and thence conveyed a large party of journalists to Brighton, in order to demonstrate the working of the patrol system on the roads by Sutton, Reigate, and Crawley. Among the demonstrating cars were: Colonel Bosworth's 18-24 h.-p. Clement, Mr. D'Arcy Baker's 24-40 h.-p. F.I.A.T., Mr. Walter Gibbons' 50 h.-p. Itala, Mr. Charles Jarrott's 40 h.-p. Crossley, Mr. W. A. Luning's 25 h.-p. Orleans, Lord Russell's White Steam Car and 30 h.-p. Daimler, Mr. L. Schlenthem's 25 h.-p. Winton, Mr. Charles Temperley's 24 h.-p. Fraschini, Mr. H. Vane's 18 h.-p. Regent, Mr. F. W. Staples Firth's 16 h.-p. Orleans, Mr. Wilfrid Firth's 15 h.-p. Panhard, Mr. H. G. Taylor's 18 h.-p. Rochet Schneider, Mr. Jaurus Withcrowd's 14-20 h.-p. Renault, and Mr. Charles Cordingley's 40 h.-p. Mercédès. With the exception of the dust nuisance, which caused considerable inconvenience, the day's outing proved extremely enjoyable, and afforded an excellent object-lesson in the benefits the A.A. confers upon motorists.

Photo *Moyse*

Colonel Bosworth (right), Chairman of the A.A.

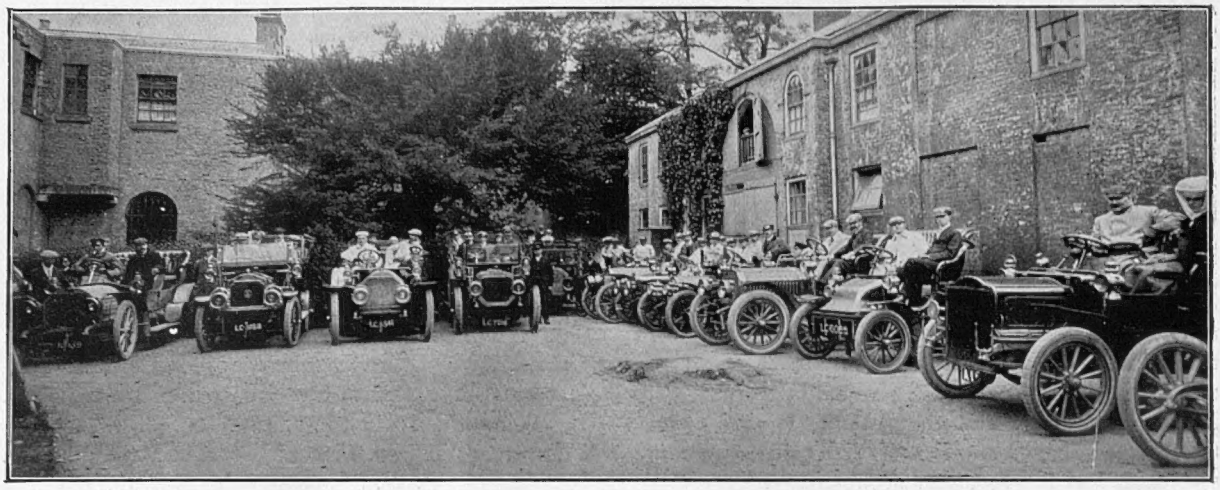
With Mr. Walter Gibbons (left), who received the Chairman and members of the Automobile Association recently at "Cold Blow," Burgh Heath

* * *

Magisterial Misdeeds

Another glaring example of prejudice and unfairness on the part of magistrates was exhibited a few days ago at Coleshill Police Court. A motorist was summoned for furious driving, and the usual class of evidence as to astonishing rates of speed was given by rustics anxious to ingratiate themselves with the local jacks-in-office. To each witness the defending solicitor put the usual questions as to identification of driver, and supplemented these by an inquiry as to whether the said driver occupied the front seat, whereupon the Chairman of the Bench expostulated with the solicitor for wasting the time of the court. "Of course," he said, "the driver was sitting on the front seat; where else could he sit?" When, however, the defence was opened, it transpired that the car concerned was a little 4½ h.-p. De Dion, which, as most BYSTANDER readers know, is driven from the back seat. Apart from the fact that the high speed alleged was impossible for such an antiquated vehicle, the fact that all the police witnesses had sworn to the occupation of the front seat by the driver would, one would suppose, have seriously discounted the value of their evidence in the magisterial mind. By no means. A fine of £5 and costs was imposed with great promptitude, more, it would seem, as a salve to the wounded vanity of the pompous magistrates than as a right

An "Entente Cordiale" of the Road



The Automobile Association's Run to Brighton: The start

Cars leaving Cedar Court, Roehampton, the residence of the Chairman, Colonel Bosworth, on July 8. The Association now numbers 1,200 members, and its function is to create an *entente cordiale* of the road

and proper penalty for a serious offence against the law. "It is such instances," says Mr. Henry Sturmey, in commenting on the case, "which make all fair-minded motorists want to kick somebody—the Chairman of the Bench for choice."

* * *

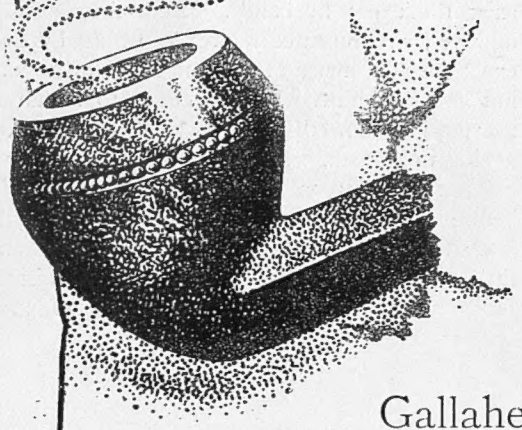
Hill-Climbing Formulæ

Motoring readers will remember that in THE BYSTANDER of July 4 reference was made to the highly unsatisfactory practice of allowing the different provincial clubs to adopt their own systems of handicapping cars competing in hill-climbing contests. It was pointed out that the varying results so obtained convey no reliable data from which we can gauge the merits of the various cars, and it was suggested that the Automobile Club would do well to address itself to a solution of the difficulty by laying down a formula for general adoption, such formula to be based on the principal that every cubic inch of cylinder capacity should be expected to carry a given weight up every hill at the best speed of which the car is capable. At the instance of Mr. S. F. Edge, the Club Committee is now engaged in examining a suggested formula of which I am able to give some particulars. In a letter addressed to the Club Secretary, Mr. Edge says:—

> In view of the very unsatisfactory state of affairs under the present varying hill-climbing formulæ, and the different classifications of motors by the price lists of manufacturers, resulting in apparently small horse-powered cars beating others of much greater horse-power, I have been most carefully into the conditions governing the chief hill-climbs held this season, and have also tabulated many of the leading cars which took part therein.
>
> The first surprising result is to find the extraordinary variation in the horse-power that different makers are able to obtain from a given number of cubic inches; in fact, the following list will show you that a 24 h.-p. F.I.A.T. is, according to its manufacturer's list, only able to obtain 1 h.-p. from every 18·5 cubic inches. Cars like the Darracq, Daimler, and Beaufort, seem to be about mid-way between the F.I.A.T. and the 6-cylinder Napier, which obtains 1 h.-p. for every 7·25 cubic inches.

Photos] **The Automobile Association Meeting** [*Moyse*

Motorists assembled on the lawn and balcony of Cedar Court, Roehampton



Virtues of the Pipe.

"The moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher. It's the poor man's friend, it calms the mind, soothes the temper and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this blessed earth."

To really enjoy your pipe you must smoke Gallaher's "Gold Bond" Mixture—a tobacco that will smoke cool, sweet and free in any pipe.

Gallaher's

"Gold Bond"

Mixture

will not disappoint you—it will give you satisfaction out-of-doors or in-doors. In your pocket, when on pleasure bent; or in your office, when thinking out some hard problem; or your desk, you will find "Gold Bond" Mixture is equally invaluable.

Why not ask your tobacconist for a packet of "Gold Bond" to-day?

Sold in 1-oz. packets, and 2-oz. and 4-oz. Tins.

TESTING SAMPLE FREE.

If you will send us the name and address of your tobacconist we will send you, post free, a Testing Sample of "Gold Bond" Mixture.

GOLD BOND CIGARETTES. The Cigarette with the indefinable charm

GALLAHER, LTD., BELFAST.
We belong to no Ring or Combine.

I append a comparison of various makes, showing relation of horse-power, as per catalogue, to cylinder capacity:—

Catalogue h.-p.	Make.	Cylinder dimensions in ins.	Cylinder dimensions in mm.	Cubic ins.	Cubic ins. per catalogue h.-p.
40	Napier	4 by 4	—	301	7·25
60	Napier	5 by 4	—	471	7·85
40-60	Pilain	5½ by 5½	140 by 140	522	8·7
35-50	Pipe	5 1/16 by 5 1/16	135 by 145	497	9·94
30-40	Peugeot	5⅛ by 4¼	130 by 120	405	10·1
45	Beaufort	5½ by 5⅛	140 by 150	457	10·15
30-40	Daimler	4⅞ by 5⅛	124 by 150	441	11
35-45	Daimler	5¼ by 5⅛	134 by 150	513	11·4
40	Darracq	5½ by 5⅛	140 by 150	457	11·4
35	Ariel	5⅞ by 5½	150 by 140	596	12
60	De Dietrich	5⅞ by 6⅞	150 by 175	732	12·2
32	Siddeley	5¼ by 5	—	432	13·5
35	Brooke	5½ by 6	—	570	16·3
24	Panhard	4 5/16 by 5½	110 by 140	416	17·3
24	F.I.A.T.	4 1/16 by 5⅞	125 by 150	444	18·5

It is evident that these so-called horse-power denominations are, to say the least of it, exceedingly misleading, and it would be better if some arbitrary means of deciding the horse-power were adopted by the Club for hill-climbing work. I should myself suggest that an arbitrary formula be laid down, and that the whole trade be asked to accept it, and that in all price lists the horse-power be worked out on the Club's agreed basis. I would also suggest that every manufacturer be asked to class his cars on the basis that for ever 7 in. of cubic capacity in the engine, they must develop not less than 1 horse-power. To give an example, this would mean that the 24 h.-p. F.I.A.T. would really be shown in the maker's list as a 63 h.-p. car, the 60 h.-p. De Dietrich would be shown as a 104 h.-p. car, the 30 h.-p. Daimler as a 63 h.-p. car, and the 40 h.-p. Napier as a 43 h.-p. car.

To bring the matter down to a proposal for an actual hill-climb formula that could be used, I will take the usual one, as follows:—

$$\frac{\textit{Time (in seconds)} \times \textit{Horse-power.}}{\text{Total weight (in lbs.).}}$$

The horse-power, however, would not be the imaginary horse-power of the gentleman who compiles the catalogues, or the equally imaginary horse-power arrived at by a formula that takes no account of stroke, but would be the actual horse-power as settled by the Club, who would determine that every modern engine should develop, at any rate, 1 horse-power for every 7 cubic inches. Then the classes might be divided up as follows:—

Engines, any number of cylinders up to 150 cubic inches.
150 cubic inches to 350 ,, ,,
350 ,, ,, to 500 ,, ,,
And over 500 ,, ,,

There should be a minimum weight carried for every 10 cubic inches of cylinder capacity—say, for example, 1 cwt—this weight, if thought desirable, to include passengers; in fact, this can be the total weight the car carries up the hill. Thus, any genuine touring car privately owned, of any weight, with either a simple or heavy luxurious body, would stand a reasonably equal chance with the lightest competitor under the rules. Provided each car were fitted with proper mudguards, body, etc., it would be immaterial whether it has a tonneau, side-entrance, or limousine. It must, of course, scale the minimum weight, and, as its cylinders are measurable, nothing would be left to doubt or opinion. Of course, where I refer to cubic inch capacity, I mean volume swept by the pistons in one stroke. Gears should be standard, as ordinarily sold with similar cars.

I shall have further comment to make on this interesting and important topic when the matter has been fully discussed in Committee.

* * *

Miscellanea

In all probability we shall next year witness an attempt to revive the Gordon-Bennett contest, which has been temporarily supplemented by the Grand Prix.—Beware of a police-trap at the top of Bury Hill, on the London-Bognor road, just outside the gates of Arundel Park.—Outside Godalming, near Milford, a quarter-mile trap is working on the upward slope of the hill.—Godstone, in Surrey, is a hive of police activity at the moment.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Clever Women's Husbands

I was aroused the other day by the perusal of an article referring to that hackneyed subject, "Clever men's wives," to various reflections upon the tables turned into "Clever women's husbands." Some cynics, we know, would tell us readily that there are few clever women, while those who *do* exist don't get husbands. Both these statements, however, are repeatedly proved wrong by everyday experience—a phase of existence in which cynics do not greatly shine. It has come to be an almost universal opinion that genius in man cannot do with genius in women. It is supposed, falsely or not I do not pretend to say, that the man who shines before the world and seeks intellectual sympathy from his friends, is best content with a simple-minded little wife, who looks on him with admiring awe, indeed, but from afar across a wide gulf, produced by her own ignorance. In a word, that she cannot serve but by believing in him and looking after his dinner and material comforts.

Clever Women are Very Feminine

Do not let us forget that clever women are exactly like their sisters of less brilliant ability in everything not pertaining to their intellects; therefore, it is to be supposed that they require very much what other people also find necessary. And cleverness is not a primary necessity in a husband or anyone else; it is even to be doubted whether it could, in the huge majority of cases, be considered a very *important* point in daily intercourse. I am not going to admit *stupidity* as a candidate to the clever woman's hand, because that is absurd, stupidity being always irritating and bad to live with; but I do think that the ordinary man of average intelligence, who is apt to admire his wife all the better because his own brains are not likely to clash with hers by trying to prove themselves superior, is probably the sort of being that a clever woman will find satisfactory. Women like admiration, for whatever they have of superior worth, whether it is beauty, brains, or character—they must have it.

Clever Women's Vanity

Women are vainer, too, than men; lots of men are clever without knowing, or, at any rate, thinking, much about it. Not so woman. She knows quickly enough when *she* has anything above the ordinary bestowed upon her. She will have it admired, too, not in the abstract, but in *her*; therefore, the man who can compare, seeing where she fails and where other people excel, is not so likely to be in favour as the more simple individual who cares little for cleverness, but is inordinately proud of a clever wife. Besides, no one, man or woman, wants quite the same sort of thing for themselves and for those they care about. The humble-minded little housewife may glory in the fact that her husband is a public man, and that his talents are praised far beyond the family circle; but the chances are that the woman who is herself much admired and fêted, will think more of her husband if he is an obscure personage and, therefore, her especial property.

LADY PHYLLIS.